BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER, 1953

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 47 No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1953

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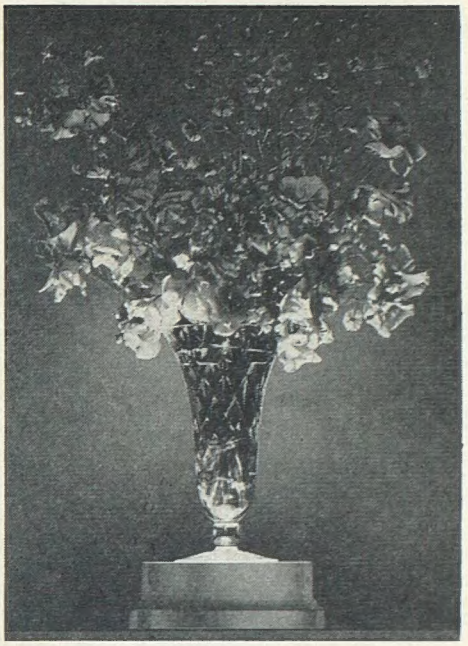

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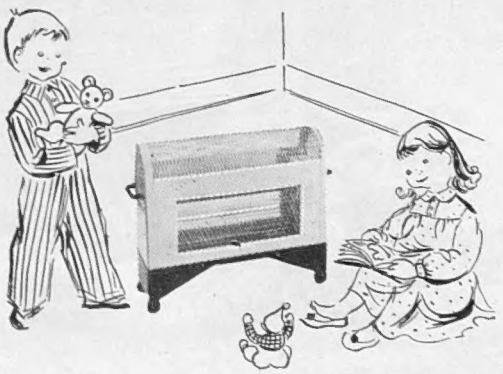

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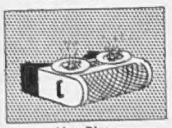
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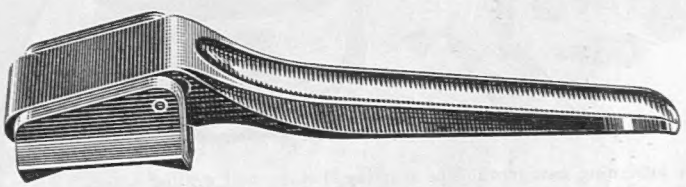

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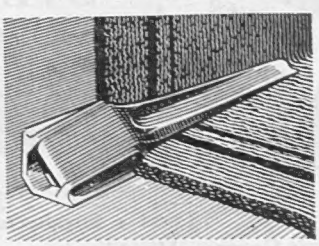

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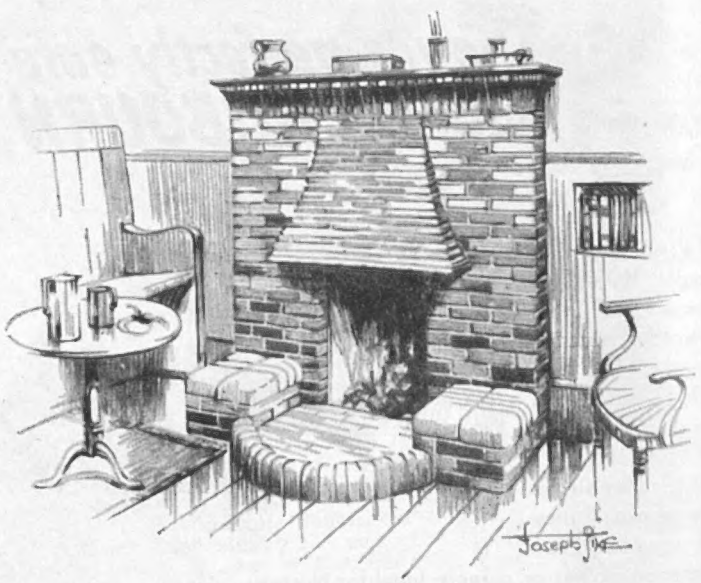

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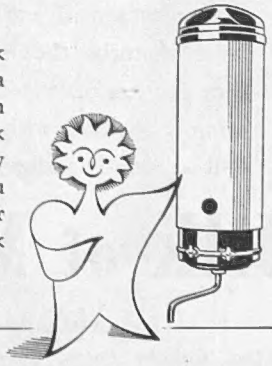

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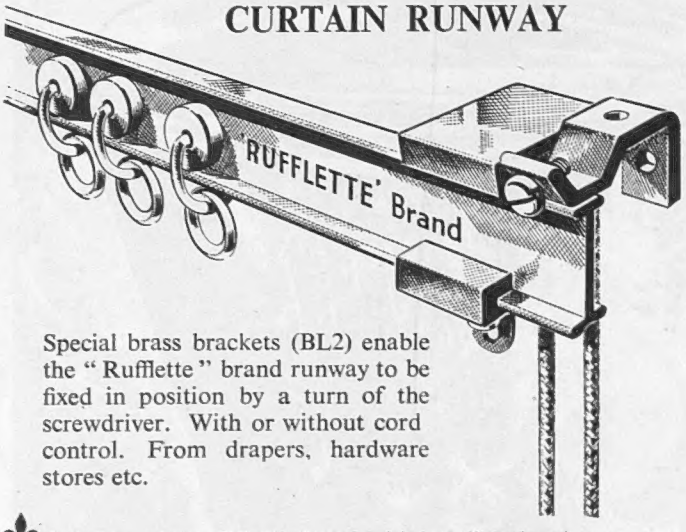

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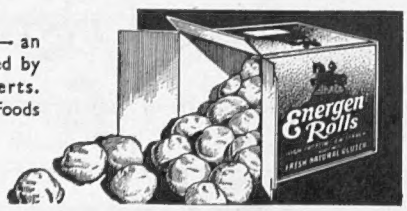

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can you tell? let me see your face
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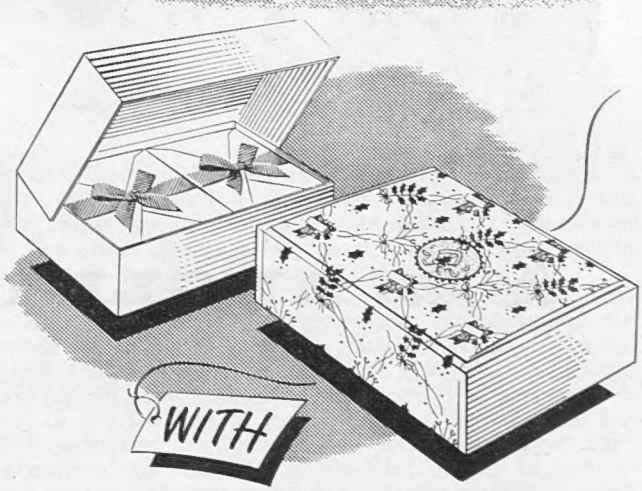

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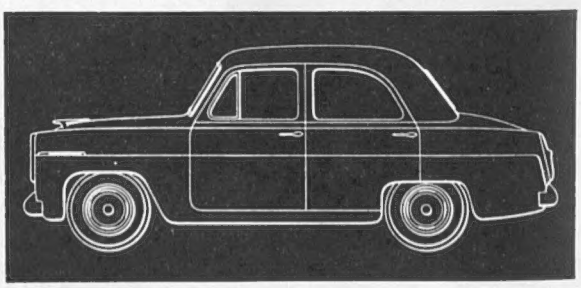

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BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

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mink for clotilde

STORY by KIT WOODWARD

She thought it would be simple to let Pierre think he had bought her the coat

Illustrations by MICHIE

THE Neuvic-d'Ussels' dinner party was, as usual, a gay and spirited affair, and when the ladies retired after two hours at table, five perfectly-cooked dishes and five small glasses of the most carefully-chosen wines, we were all in a chatty and charitable mood.

As we patted our hair and revived our complexions we admired each other's dresses and ear-rings, and the conversation drifted round to furs. Germaine Neuvic-d'Ussel told us of the Persian lamb coat she had bought years ago for £200, and now they wanted £300 for an extra piece to widen it, while Jeannine and I mourned the fate which committed us to beaver lamb for the rest of our days.

I noticed that Clotilde, a beautiful woman of perhaps forty, whose diamonds suggested that she walked in sable, took no part in the discussion. She looked restless and bored.

I changed the subject by admiring the ivory miniature of a young woman holding a poodle which stood on a console-table.

"Who 's that ?" I asked Germaine idly. "Does Clotilde find our feminine prattle tedious ?"

"That 's our little Marie-Louise, my godchild. As a matter of fact, she 's a cousin of Clotilde's." She watched Clotilde wander across the room and begin to talk to the others about nursery governesses. "No, no, it 's not that at all." She added gravely. "Poor Clotilde . . . It 's fur. *C'est toute une histoire, cela.* You must make Henry tell you the whole story . . . if they ever come out of the dining-room."

The men joined us a few minutes later. Patrick, my husband, was looking bright-eyed and amused, and our host and Clotilde's husband, Pierre, were laughing at something he had just said. He winked at me and I smiled back, congratulating him on having been witty in French. Not that there was any need for him to make it harder for himself, since everyone there, except Patrick and me, was equally fluent in English and French.

There was a moment's confusion until we were all served with coffee and liqueurs, and a warm argument arose among the men as to whether onion did or did not go into the making of the *vrai Boudin Blanc*. Eventually everyone settled down to bridge and I found myself on the sofa beside Henry.

I have known Henry for about eight years and I am always glad that he is a friend of mine. He is gentle and amusing and, above all, aristocratic-looking. He is a bachelor—although nobody can think why—and he lives either in Menton, where he has a villa, or in Passy, where he has had a flat since the end of the First War. From time to time he produces scholarly critical essays and he knows about everything from sculpture to rose-growing.

He is probably fifty, but his quiet good looks are ageless, and you feel that nothing so mundane as Time's winged chariot could ever touch him. In this casual, collar-attached world of ours his clothes and courtly manners are salutary reminders—particularly to Patrick—of a gracious convention we too often forget.

Henry is also a tireless gossip.

"You look very winning to-night," he smiled at me. "Spain agreed with you. How did you like it?"

"It 's heaven," I said, possibly exaggerating a little. "Tell me, Henry, what *is* all this about Clotilde and furs? Germaine promised you would tell me."

"If I don't," he said happily as he lighted my cigarette, "someone else will."

We both sank back into the soft, brocaded cushions.

"IT all happened a long time ago," he said dreamily, "in that fabulous age before the war. Clotilde and Pierre had been married six years. They were an ideal couple, devoted to each other and to their little girl. Of course, they were not very well off; they managed a nanny for the child and a maid, but only because Pierre worked night and day. In those days Pierre was something quite unimportant in the Bank of France, but he was serious, sober and very determined to succeed. You see, he has.

"All this devotion to duty made Pierre just a little dull. The marriage had been more or less arranged by their parents, and some of us were mildly surprised that it was so successful. You cannot imagine how lovely Clotilde was. . . ."

"She is now," I said, glancing across at the serene, Madonna-like face and the noble, passive brow under the swathes of glinting black hair.

"She is indeed," Henry sighed. "But then . . . she captivated everybody. She was like jet and quicksilver—or is that over-fanciful? She was gay and impetuous, witty and generous. She looked as fragile as spun glass and she had the nervous energy and strength of a colt. You met her everywhere, always the centre of attention, and always with dear Pierre plodding along behind . . . except when he was working or studying. Pierre, always a second late in seeing the point of her jokes, but always her willing slave. Sometimes we wondered how her flame-like spirit could shine or even survive in Pierre's rather dampening society. . . . Of course, the answer was that Clotilde had a friend, *un ami*.

"A great friend who adored her. She, I think, cared for him, too, but it never occurred to either of them that she could leave her husband and child. She was sensible even then. She was also very discreet, and for about six months everything went as merrily as a wedding bell."

He stopped, struck by the unfortunate choice of words.

"In any case," he resumed, "everything was most satisfactory. Pierre, the friend and Clotilde were all happy that summer. Everyone came back to Paris at the end of September, and the leaves in the Bois turned russet and gold, and finally blew away in the wind. Christmas was almost on us, and the question of Christmas presents arose.

"Now the friend was anxious to please Clotilde, and one day he proposed that he give her a fur coat. Clotilde, as I see it now, was very properly outraged, and said: 'I could not *possibly* accept such a present from you. Besides, how could I explain where it came from?'

"The friend then tactlessly suggested a cheque. This offended Clotilde mortally, and for a quarter-of-an-hour she sat in the armchair before the flickering wood fire, silent, with an inscrutable sadness in those deep eyes of hers which would have excited Walter Pater himself.

"At last she spoke. You know that low, melodious voice!"

I nodded.

"She said: 'But I cannot see why you should not give a cheque to a furrier.'

"Clotilde, it seemed, knew a little man who was miraculous with furs. She had gone to him for her marten stole, and her Maman had patronised him for years. He was absolutely trustworthy—which was essential to the plan.

"He listened, impressed by her ingenuity. He wrote out a cheque—a substantial cheque—and Clotilde spent four delirious hours choosing a most suitable mink coat. It cost about £50 more than the amount of the cheque. This was the sum, Clotilde gauged, that her husband would climb to in the purchase of her Christmas present.

" It 's lovely, Pierre," she breathed bravely. " Thank you so much. It was . . . *just* what I wanted "

" She explained to the furrier that within the next few days Pierre would be coming to him to buy a lady's coat. He would have in mind something in musquash, probably ; but no matter which coat he chose and regardless of the sum he was willing to pay, he was to be sold the coat that Clotilde had selected. She gave him the cheque, and the furrier, who was a gifted salesman in a subtle Slav way, gave her his guarantee that the gentleman should carry off with him that coat and no other. Clotilde was convinced that Pierre, who appreciated a bargain, would never be able to resist the furrier's persuasions and the opportunity of acquiring a mink coat for £50.

" In her thin but elegant black suit she then went off to meet Pierre at the Café de la Paix. While they drank their Cinzanos on the chilly terrace she was able to imply that all that was needed to make life totally beatific, as well as to ward off the double pneumonia that was momentarily threatening her, was a practical and warm coat. Her maman, she said, had called on her furrier and was quite amazed at the present low prices of furs. Really, maman felt, to buy furs now was an *investment*. She sneezed once or twice, to Pierre's concern, and he quickly took her home in a taxi.

" Clotilde prepared for Christmas with a tranquil mind. They were having a family Christmas in her mother-in-law's house at Versailles—a lively party of cousins, sisters and aunts—and the only faint shadow on the festivities was that in the middle of it all they had to part with little Marie-Louise, one of the cousins. . . . That 's her picture over there."

Henry nodded towards the console-table. " You never met her, did you ? "

" No."

" No. . . . Well, Marie-Louise," he continued, " was an agreeable, helpful girl whom everybody liked and nobody noticed—most families have one in the background—who from childhood had been Clotilde's awed and admiring companion. Marie-Louise at twenty-five, although pretty enough, was clearly doomed to spinsterhood, but her aunts were determined that she should be given every opportunity. When a letter came from a distant branch of the family in Canada vaguely suggesting that she come out to visit them, the aunts at once bought her a first-class passage to Montreal. The ship, inconveniently, sailed on Christmas Eve.

" Pierre looked after the details of the trip—passports, visas, and so on—while Clotilde and Marie-Louise decorated the tree, sprinkled glistening frost over the *crèche* and sang carols as musically as nightingales as they wrapped up presents. Clotilde tied a particularly large bow of ribbon around Pierre's platinum and pearl studs. She revelled in Christmas.

" Her friend, of course, had his own family responsibilities and was spending Christmas with his mother in Menton.

" Presents were distributed after luncheon on Christmas afternoon, and Clotilde awaited hers with the excitement of a child. She had not seen the furrier's grey-and-silver box in the house, but she had not looked for it. She wanted the gift to come as a surprise.

" SHE had her surprise. At last, a narrow box about 6 ins. long with a merry greeting inscribed in Pierre's neat hand was presented to her. She opened it with steady, controlled fingers and saw a platinum wrist-watch encrusted with seven smallish diamonds. Slowly she raised her eyes and met his anxious, loving gaze.

" ' It 's lovely, Pierre,' she breathed bravely. ' It 's quite lovely. Thank you so very much, darling. It was . . . *just* what I wanted.'

" I feel," Henry added after a pause, " that Clotilde will be awarded a special place in heaven for that remark."

I agreed.

" Christmas, that year, was on a Wednesday," he went on, " and it seemed an extremely long holiday to Clotilde. Her vivacious gaiety, however, never flagged. All the time she was sustained by the thought that there in the background lay that coat waiting to be claimed by her. Obviously Pierre had bought the watch before he knew she wanted a coat.

" Even Christmas festivities have to end, and on the following Thursday afternoon Clotilde strolled blithely down the Faubourg St. Honoré in the wintry sunshine to the furrier's.

" He welcomed her respectfully and she hoped he had had a delightful Christmas and would have a more than usually prosperous New Year. Then she said :

" ' So the gentleman did not come in for the coat we chose ? '

" The furrier looked bewildered. ' But, oh yes, Madame. He came the day after you were here and seemed most satisfied with it. He paid the balance at once.'

" Clotilde swayed a little and closed her eyes for a moment. When at last she spoke her voice was lightly curious.

" ' Really,' she said. ' Where did you send it ? '

" ' I didn't send it anywhere, Madame. The gentleman had it packed up and he took it away with him in a taxi,' the furrier replied.

" HE ushered a dazed Clotilde out of his showroom. Absent-mindedly she took a taxi to her friend's flat.

" ' It 's a complete mystery,' she said. ' What *can* he have done with it ! I 've thought of everything, but . . . He can't be saving it up till my birthday, because that 's not till next October.'

" ' I suppose,' her friend said thoughtfully, ' it *was* Pierre who collected it ? '

" ' Of course it was,' she said. ' The furrier described him perfectly.'

" ' Do you mean to say you didn't tell him Pierre's name ? '

" ' Of course not,' she said a trifle impatiently. ' How could I ? '

" ' Oh, my God ! ' said her friend.

" ' What *does* it matter ? ' Clotilde went on. ' I described Pierre in every detail.'

" ' You addle-pated nincompoop ! ' her friend cried. It was an inexcusable thing to say, but he was greatly moved. ' Of all the damn silly things to do ! '

" She looked so astounded that he made an effort to control himself.

" ' Clotilde,' he said carefully, ' much as I admire and respect Pierre, I must point out that he is the typical average man. God Almighty,' he said, his voice rising again, ' there are a million little bank clerks in Paris who act, talk, dress and look exactly like Pierre ! '

" ' He is not,' she interrupted icily, ' a bank clerk.'

" ' It 's quite clear what happened,' he said bitterly. ' The furrier gave the garment to the first customer who answered to your minute description of Pierre.'

" Clotilde wept, the friend apologised, and after they had drunk a soothing tisane together they felt calmer.

" SHE had, however, experienced a severe shock. Never in her life had anyone spoken to her as she had been spoken to that afternoon. Nor did she care for the way Pierre had been referred to.

" That night, as they were turning out the lights before going upstairs, Clotilde suddenly said to her husband :

" ' Pierre, I haven't told you about my New Year resolutions. I think we ought to devote more time to each other.'

" He stood for a long moment staring down into the dying fire, as though he were considering it.

" ' You 're absolutely right, my dear,' he said at last. ' Oddly enough, I have been thinking along much the same lines. I shall not be tied down to work so much in future, I find. I think I can promise you a much improved husband.'

" She smiled at him affectionately. Darling Pierre, what possible improvement could he be thinking of ?

" From that day forward her friend never saw Clotilde alone. As her girlish loveliness matured into the serene beauty that you admire so much to-day, her temperament changed too.

" She was always beside Pierre to comfort and encourage him. At that time Pierre needed a good deal of encouragement. The Government and the franc had fallen.

" We were all in the midst of one of our worst crises when about a year later little Marie-Louise came home."

Henry stopped.

" I can see her now," he mused softly. " It was in this very room. She stood in the doorway radiating success and prosperity as she introduced her husband. He was a young man called Pete.

" The two girls embraced rapturously and Marie-Louise said that Clotilde hadn't changed a bit. Clotilde thought wistfully that the mink coat carelessly flung across Marie-Louise's shoulders would have fitted her admirably.

" IN fact, the shining fur with its perfectly matched skins awakened memories of the very coat she had once chosen for herself. But it wasn't in Clotilde to envy Marie-Louise. She turned to welcome Pete into the family.

" ' I know you will both be very happy,' she said. ' And Marie-Louise is a very lucky girl.' She couldn't help adding : ' What a heavenly coat ! I suppose you gave it to her as a wedding present ? '

" ' Me ? I 'm just a humble engineer,' said Pete with his jolly laugh. ' No, that was a present last Christmas from one of Marie-Louise's Parisian admirers.' "

Henry paused to (*Continued on page 74*)

" The gentleman took it away with him in a taxi," the furrier replied

Operation Elephant!

It's one thing prescribing a medicine; quite another persuading him to take it

by
CRAVEN HILL, F.Z.S.

LONDON Zoo's animals have one big advantage over their wild kindred. It is a matter concerning their health. In Nature, a sick creature usually succumbs from its illness or injury, or is so weakened by it that it falls a ready victim to the first foe that happens along. Housed at Regent's Park, it rarely does so because there is available for it some of the most effective, up-to-date remedies that modern science can provide; and, if tonics, mild antidotes or medicines fail to effect a cure, there is a well-run sanatorium with doctors, surgeons, and a staff of skilled nursing keepers, all ready to help the casualty back to health and happiness.

Prevention, however, being proverbially better than cure, the Zoo today uses a vast number of medicines which, administered in time, can do much to eliminate more serious illness. These specifics are made up, most of them, in the sanatorium dispensary, to prescriptions evolved over the years by Mr. Oliver G. Jones, the Society's veterinary surgeon, and other qualified men.

I say "administered in time." But therein lies the rub. A veterinary surgeon's lot, like the policeman's, is never a happy one. And for this reason. It is one thing to compound a physic; quite another, very often, to persuade the four-footed or feathered patient to take it. And this, of course, is especially true when the concoction has a disagreeable odour or taste.

True it is that most of the medicines and ointments in use in the menagerie today are cleverly disguised with an aroma or flavour known to be agreeable to the animal patient concerned. But where this is not the case—well, resort to a little guile will usually achieve results. And it is about some of these ruses—ingenious and unorthodox as they are—that I want to tell you.

One that springs readily to mind—because it is a recent example—is the case of Wally, one of the riding camels. Wally, it is true, had no internal malady. His trouble was a complaint affecting the soles of his hind feet, for which the specific ordered was a tarry compound, to be applied daily to the affected parts.

Easy? You might imagine so. But, in fact, nothing could have been more difficult. For Wally, although normally the most docile and tractable of camels, has a strong objection to having anything placed on the undersides of his feet. Moreover, as with most camels, he finds the pungent scent of tar abhorrent. His keepers, therefore, had to do some hard thinking; and, as usual in such cases, it was not long before they hit upon the solution. And here is how they solved *that* problem. The tarry compound was spread unobtrusively on a carpet of straw behind the camel who, while simultaneously being offered food, was gently backed until he stood upon it. Simple, but effective! Within a few days Wally was healed.

Of course, with a human patient, the doctor can explain that, even if a particular remedy is unwelcome, it will at any rate do him good. You can't do that with animals. Only a battle of wits, in which human cunning is matched with animal cunning, has any hope of winning the day.

Perhaps naturally the most difficult animals to outwit are the anthropoid apes; but even here, human guile usually triumphs. It certainly did so recently when Guy, the big twelve-stone gorilla, had to be treated for a skin affliction affecting his paws. A Harley Street skin specialist, specially summoned to attend to the case, prescribed a therapeutic ointment for the gorilla. But Guy, his suspicions aroused, promptly took a dislike to it and refused to allow anyone to apply it. Again, keepers pondered the situation. Eventually Headkeeper Laurie Smith had an inspiration. Remembering that Guy's favourite game is to "shake hands" with him, the keeper smeared his own hands with the ointment, then went into the cage to play with the gorilla. There followed an endless bout of "hand-shaking," the gorilla quite failing to observe how effectively the dressing was being applied to his own paws!

SIMILAR stratagems are often essential for the successful administration of medicines "to be taken internally." And, believe me, this *can* be a problem. How, for instance, would you persuade a spirited—even a dangerous—animal, such as a tiger or leopard, to swallow medicine which it seems he is quite determined not to take? Well, here again, the Zoo keeps "in pickle" some well-tried and effective subterfuges. The powder, if tasteless, can be mixed in the animal's drinking-water, dusted on to a joint of meat, or concealed in the paunch of a rabbit. That suffices for most of the large jungle cats, and for wolves and similar species. For the cattle tribe the powder is mixed with their water, biscuits or sweet bran. But, unhappily, some animals, particularly the more intelligent types, have an uncanny knack of knowing when their food has been tampered with, and go on "hunger-strike." What then?

In difficult cases of this order the first alternative is to smear the powder on the nose, when it is very naturally licked off and absorbed into the system. Should that fail, however, a long rubber tube may be pressed into service and the powder blown on to the back of the tongue, when, as a rule, it is automatically swallowed. Such methods as these may, however, be termed desperate remedies: in general, the doctors much prefer a patient to take his medicine of his own free-will And (*Continued on page* 58)

In the sitting-room above, sketched by artist Tage Werner, a former serving hatch now houses the television set, screen flush with wall—an idea that could well be adapted in older-type houses and flats

Three Versions

THE men bring it in, hook it up, fix the aerial and depart. . . . Alone with the new arrival a harassed wife moves it about doubtfully on its castors, wondering where on earth it will be least in the way. Many wives faced for the first time with television in their own homes will share the mixed feelings of Christine, heroine of Monica Dickens's new novel *No More Meadows*, when a television ordered by her husband turns up on the doorstep without warning. Gratitude battles with exasperation at such an unwieldy addition to her home.

It happens in America, so we are scarcely surprised that her set is "a mammoth thing of varnished wood with almost as many knobs as a cinema organ." We can thank our stars—and TV manufacturers—that our British version is more manageable. But just the same I suspect that a television set is apt to remain a present with a problem.

Where should it go for ideal viewing . . . where *can* it go, without wrecking a room probably already planned to the last square inch or striking a jarring note in a careful scheme of decoration? But there is very soon more to it than this. For television automatically heralds a new era in the pattern of family life.

The family "circle"—inevitably augmented from time to time by friends and relations—assumes a significance it lost when, centuries ago, the central hearth disappeared. If nothing else, we shall be forcibly reminded soon enough that hospitality dictates that we at least provide our guests with somewhere to sit. And, if every major programme is not to involve an orgy of uncomfortable improvisation, we shall allow for the fact.

But this only means a little clear thinking ahead; not filling the home with gadgety "television furniture" and spending the major part of our lives in rooms which are ideal for viewing but precious little else. As well plan a home round a washing machine or any other modern amenity as round a television set.

Fortunately, recent technical developments themselves make television a less "disruptive" influence

The new "viewers" chairs, adaptable as settee or separate units, can be sited for comfort and best individual viewing range and angle. Note the shaded light behind the set

# of Rooms for Viewers

Where and how can we best incorporate the television set in today's homes? In this article MICHAEL SHERIDAN gives some practical answers to this problem

n the home than is sometimes feared. For the almost niversal "tinted" screens or tubes of modern sets ave abolished the cathedral gloom associated with rlier viewing. Drawn curtains or extinguished lights re no longer necessary and, with a little planning, here is no reason why a room should not be comrtably and simultaneously used for other activities well as viewing. But existing lighting may need inor adjustment. The central pendant light, for example, is in fact unsuitable for almost *any* purpose.

Ideally, the light source should be behind the set, t provided there is no direct reflection on the screen elf the picture is not affected by other lamps in the om. A lamp with an adjustable head which throws e light downwards but not outwards will allow nonewing members of the family to pursue their own ctivities in comfort. One "de luxe" receiver just troduced has a point for a standard or table lamp the back of the cabinet. But the real aim of this pe of lighting is largely to avoid visual fatigue by providing a background of comparable brightness to e screen, and a 15-watt bulb concealed behind the et or attached to the back will do the trick.

IN most cases, day-to-day controls are now placed onveniently at the side or front of the set, while those the back are pre-set by the dealer and need only casional—and professional—adjustment, so another one-time restriction on positioning the set is removed.

But, once in position, the receiver should not be regarded as a kind of fixed domestic altar. A few yards of lead (which, incidentally, can be safely tucked under a carpet or round the skirting) will prove a sound investment. For the ideal "winter" position for viewing, usually the fireplace wall which is still a focal point in most rooms, is not the best in summer.

Too many of us are content for about a third of the year to sit stolidly round an empty grate, although the window would be a more pleasant and natural focal point. Moving the TV set into summer quarters in front of the window has a (*Continued on page* 65)

Here, use is made of unit furniture, the television receiver being housed *en suite* with bookshelves, cupboards, or other furniture according to the room's preconceived layout

Love Thy Brother?

Ties of blood are not always ties of affection, but how often does one woman hold the key to family compatibility?

asks

LOUISE MORGAN

IN spite of the maxims of religion and ethics, antagonisms and even hatreds between relatives are often more intense and bitter than between people bound by no ties of blood. Brother against brother has been the theme of legend and story ever since Cain slew his brother Abel, and child against parent was the subject of drama long before the time of Lear and his cruel daughters Regan and Goneril. Yet this truth, so patent to students of human nature, is disregarded by many. They prefer to delude themselves with the exploded idea that kinship of blood means automatically kinship in temperament, interests and affection.

To test this point for yourself, try counting up the affinities in any family of your acquaintance. The chances are that you will not find any, unless the family is usually large and probabilities of affinities therefore greater than normal. Or count the affinities in your own family, and set against these the friendships which you have made for yourself outside your family circle. You may be surprised to realize how much fonder you are of people outside. Full and satisfying friendships between members of the same family are as rare as thrushes in midwinter. If we accept this fact about human nature, the problem of the making and maintenance of good family relationships is halfway to solution.

THE woman who says "My family never quarrels" is apt to be of the sentimental and unrealistic type, and she pays the price so often exacted by life from those who refuse to admit biological facts. She will work herself into a breakdown and upset the entire household by trying to force her John and her Jane to agree "like little birds in their nest," although John and Jane are so different in make-up as to be practically incompatible. And nobody needs reminding that incompatibility is accepted in a court of law as grounds for divorce.

This mother is so preoccupied with the idea that John and Jane are first and foremost "her children" that she does not see that they are first and foremost individual human beings, each with a peculiar and unique inner make-up. Knocking their heads together to persuade them to agree only intensifies their natural differences and gives each a sense of grievance against the other, against their mother, and against the family in general. Their mother might try for a while to think of them not as members of her family, but as guests from two other families. Regarding them in this new light should help to clear her vision. If all children were treated as politely as guests in the house, there would be few problem children in the country.

THE sentimental woman is also inclined to set the stage for unfavourable family relationships by welcoming her new daughter-in-law as if she were one of her own children. She will meet her son's fiancée for the first time with an effusive greeting, and probably commit the stupid mistake of saying: "I know I shall love you like a daughter, dear, because you are to be my son's wife." But no girl cares to be liked just because she is somebody else's appendage. The sentimental are blind to another elementary fact in human nature—that each person, even when overwhelmingly in love, desires passionately to be liked and admired for his or her own sake.

There is no need for a girl who is well adjusted in her family relationships to ask herself: "Can I marry Jim's relatives, no matter how much I love Jim?" She will take it for granted that she can handle Jim's relatives, because she has learned how to handle her own, some of whom she may have very little in common with and others whom she actively dislikes.

It is a common misapprehension to think that one's own family is unique in having a host of boring relatives attached to it. No family is unique in this, or indeed in any other respect. Fundamentally all families have the same make-up, the same problems, the same joys, the same disappointments. Practically all have the full range of relatives, from the angelic to the devilish.

The problem is how to keep a good relationship with each one individually without too great a drain on the Christian virtues one possesses. Exception should be made of the devilish or impossible relative. I have known an uncle who so disrupted his "favourite" niece's marriage that it ended in the divorce court. The cool head of a surgeon is needed for relatives of this type. Harsh words, quarrels and scenes are meat and drink to them. Self-protection and duty to one's own family demands that they promptly be shown the door. If they refuse to go, they should be thrown out.

BUT can one remain on constantly pleasant and amicable terms with relatives even when the bonds of interest are of the slenderest? I believe it is possible, and can be done without too much effort. What it chiefly requires is a good bit of brain work beforehand.

You should begin by facing the fact that you owe a certain social debt to your relatives and your husband's, as well as to your children. Your relatives have reasonable rights and their interest in you may be genuine. Try to assess these rights as justly as you can, and keep them in mind. Perhaps you might try, as one of my friends did, to put them into categories. Nice Aunt Lelia might be a "weekend" relative whom you would enjoy having overnight. Cousin Hilda could be a (*Continued on page 75*)

He had made a pledge lightly, never thinking he might have to fulfil it. Now he was face to face with Lydia, and there was Madeleine, too . . .

The Promise

by F. E. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MITCHELL

CAPTAIN RICHARD DARNSTAPLE of the Honourable East India Company's Marine Service was troubled by his legs.

Not by their appearance. He was not a fop, and beyond satisfying himself that his buff knee-breeches and white stockings were no discredit either to his service or his ship, was little concerned with his personal appearance.

He was troubled by their behaviour. There was no doubt that, left to themselves, they would run away.

The discovery distressed him. Throughout the four-months long passage from India he had been preparing himself for this expedition. He had rehearsed his speeches. He had considered all arguments both for and against his proposal. He had anticipated—so far as a mere male could—every conceivable reaction to it from joyful acceptance to tearful rejection. He had allowed for such subsidiary demonstrations as hysteria, the vapours, and outright swooning.

He had come in haste. Within an hour of his ship's anchoring off Gravesend he had taken coach; had fretted during the long drive through Kentish lanes and the final slow ascent of Greenwich Hill.

Yet now, at the very door of the charming house wherein dwelt the far more charming Misses Conway, his legs had mutinied.

To soothe them, and his mind, he pretended that he had paused merely to admire the view of the Thames winding below. He reminded himself that barely two years ago he had left this house with smiles and entreaties from the young ladies to come again—soon. Was it possible that he should be unwelcome now?

It was. Two years ago his friend John Conway was alive and the master here. Now John Conway was dead; and Richard Darnstaple was returning alone—with a mission.

But the pause had achieved its object. His legs were quiescent. He caught them off their guard—ran suddenly up the steps and pulled the bell. He was committed.

He detested the footman who admitted him. The fellow would be the better for a spell at sea, to enliven him. He loathed the clogging depth of the carpet and longed for the clean hardness of a ship's deck. He was irritated beyond measure by the funereal procession through the house and the eventual slow, deferential opening of the drawing-room door. He wanted to be through with this business; to have it over and done with and to escape.

But when he stood before the ladies at last, when the door had closed behind him and retreat was impossible, he knew—too late—that he should never have come. *Why—in the name of Heaven, why—had he not made his proposal by letter?*

He had forgotten so many things: the serene summer blue of Lydia's eyes; the tempestuous brown of Madeleine's; the exquisite fairness of Lydia's complexion, the almost golden

It was unbelievable, but true—Madeleine had slapped his face. "I tell you, I would rather *die* than be married to a *coward*," she said

lustre of Madeleine's; Lydia's perfect, restful womanliness, and Madeleine——

Most of all he had forgotten that Madeleine would have reached womanhood. He had remembered her as a child, slim, brown, vivacious; John Conway's somewhat spoilt child, he had thought. Now she was eighteen; tall, slender, passionately beautiful—and she terrified him.

Lydia was seated. The sunlight reflected brilliantly from the gilt frame of a harp near her and nullified the sadness of her mourning dress.

Madeleine was standing, close behind her aunt's chair. No sunlight could outshine her flaming loveliness, no dull mourning quench it.

The captain ignored an invitation to be seated. He preferred to stand—with his legs a little apart as he commonly stood on his quarterdeck. Even more he would have preferred to pace the deck; but a drawing-room has no deck.

He addressed Lydia. She was nearer to him in age—twenty-six, as he calculated it, to his own thirty-two. He hoped at least for understanding from her.

"I came direct, ma'am, following my note. I have other unpleasant business at East India House tomorrow and would prefer to dispatch this first."

Her eyes searched his. Hers held inquiry, almost apprehension—as though she knew beforehand what he had to say; and his fell before them.

"So—your business with us *is* unpleasant, Captain?"

His legs were fidgeting abominably. His words came jerkily.

"Deuced unpleasant, Miss Conway. Such as I would rather undertake a dozen voyages than transact. But—it is a matter of a promise to a dead man. I beg you to remember that."

She sighed. "Then—my brother is dead. We had cherished a lingering hope that he might have been taken alive. The report was very brief."

Captain Darnstaple frowned. He had made a poor beginning. In his clumsy anxiety to be done with his own troubles he had forgotten theirs. He had forgotten that, though John Conway had been dead six months, the news could only have reached them within the past few weeks.

He said more gently, "I fear there is no such hope, ma'am.

I had the signal from his chief officer just before sunset, two hours before I made my own escape and when he was about to surrender. The Frenchman raked his decks cruelly with small shot—an unnecessary savagery against a ship already crippled. Your brother was killed, and eleven of his people with him. It was a great price to pay for my safety and weighs heavily on me."

His eyes were on Lydia. If he had been watching Madeleine he might have seen the rising storm. As it was he was totally unprepared. It burst against him suddenly.

"It is a comfort to know that *you* appreciate it, Captain! We had supposed you accepted my father's death as—as your *entitlement*!"

HE gaped at her. She was a young tigress, clawing at him; and utterly without reason. But Lydia sprang to his defence.

"Madeleine, please! We agreed that we should not condemn—Captain Darnstaple, the report we had was so very brief. If you could give us a full account——?"

Defence—but only by putting him on his own defence. And, not knowing the accusation, what could he say? If only he could pace the deck. What had they heard—or not heard?

He said curtly: "I can add nothing to the facts, ma'am. The report was my own, from Madras. Your brother and I were in company in the Bay of Bengal when we fell in with the French Terreur, seventy-four guns, and L'Aiglette, a frigate. The Terreur engaged your brother, he being the leading ship, while the frigate held off to leeward to cut off our escape."

"But *you* escaped, Captain!" Madeleine flung the words at him, almost as an accusation. Did she blame him for that, then? But she was young. She was a woman, but her mind was still juvenile.

He retorted almost mildly, "Ay ma'am, by good fortune and your father's heroism. If he had struck his colours at once—as he might have done, being crippled by the first shots—I could not have got away. He held the Terreur till sunset so that I could have the chance of escaping under cover of darkness. I take no credit for it."

Her eyes blazed, but she was silent; and he returned with relief to Lydia.

But Lydia was silent, too, and it troubled him. He had expected from her at least some polite expression of gladness that he had escaped. He reflected how unlike a ship was a woman. A ship's behaviour was always predictable. A woman's—never.

Then Lydia sighed. Her whole body sighed, and her hands rose a little and fell back into her lap despairingly. It seemed to the captain as though she had given him the opportunity of stating his defence, but he had failed, and therefore she abandoned him.

"Well—but this was not your business with us, Captain? There was something—*unpleasant*—I believe?"

Sarcasm—from Lydia; and he had thought her above coquetry, incapable of bitterness.

Now it had become hopelessly difficult to return to the real matter in hand—his mission. He was unnerved. His speeches were gone. He mistrusted his arguments. He feared their reactions without in (*Continued on page* 60)

People with a Plan

by

KAY SMALLSHAW

The story of twelve pioneers' experiment in living—St. Julians, a country house now private flats with communal facilities

Character without uniformity is the keynote of the flats in St. Julians. Above: a one-person flatlet on the ground floor. Below (left) family preference is for a large all-purpose room for the parents plus small rooms for the children. Below (right) mealtime in the day nursery

ALL good parents want the best for their children, but it's not always easy to see where that best lies. Should a mother devote herself to household and nursery duties at the expense of everything else, for instance? Or is she justified in thinking that using all her abilities, including the special professional qualifications she possesses, make her a more valuable person to her family as well as to the community? A great deal depends on whether she can ensure for her children the right kind of care and surroundings.

Thinking along these lines, a small group of friends, all professional people, came to the conclusion that some pooling of their resources might be the answer. If "nanny-ing" of their small children could be shared, for example, the children would benefit from the companionship of others and it would be possible to get more responsible and better-trained help than when a single-family budget had to shoulder all the burden. Much the same would apply in the planning, cooking and serving of meals.

The solution that was eventually decided on after long

St. Julians, a 19th-century mansion near Sevenoaks, now has seven family flats, four single-room flatlets, communal dining-, drawing- and sitting-rooms, nursery and playroom and staff quarters

cussion involved buying a large country house and converting it rtly into flats, partly into communal quarters. The latter were signed to supply nursery care for the children and a restaurant vice for everybody. A *country* house was decided on because the untry was unanimously thought to be the best place for the children grow up in, and for leisure. Most of the parents, and also the three four single friends who wanted to join in the venture, worked ainly in London and planned to keep small professional chambers ere while making the new house their home.

In August 1951, after two years of search, the twelve pioneers, all rking professional people—two doctors (husband and wife); two chitects; an interior designer; five people associated with the stage d films; a dress designer and a teacher, with their children and vate domestic help, moved into St. Julians, near Sevenoaks. This rly nineteenth-century mansion, occupying a magnificent site on the southern slope of the downs overlooking the Weald, had eighteen acres of grounds, unsurpassed view and big possibilities, but no conversion had been done.

NOW, little more than two years later, there are in occupation seven family flats housing families with two to four children, and four single-room flats, all self-contained, with bathrooms and kitchenette space; a number of staff bedrooms and bathrooms; a big dining-room that can seat sixty; a gracious drawing-room and a smaller sitting-room; a big nursery and an older children's playroom, as well as modernised kitchen, service and store-rooms. In all the house is used by twenty adult members or "shareholders"; a staff of ten, and twenty-three children under the age of ten.

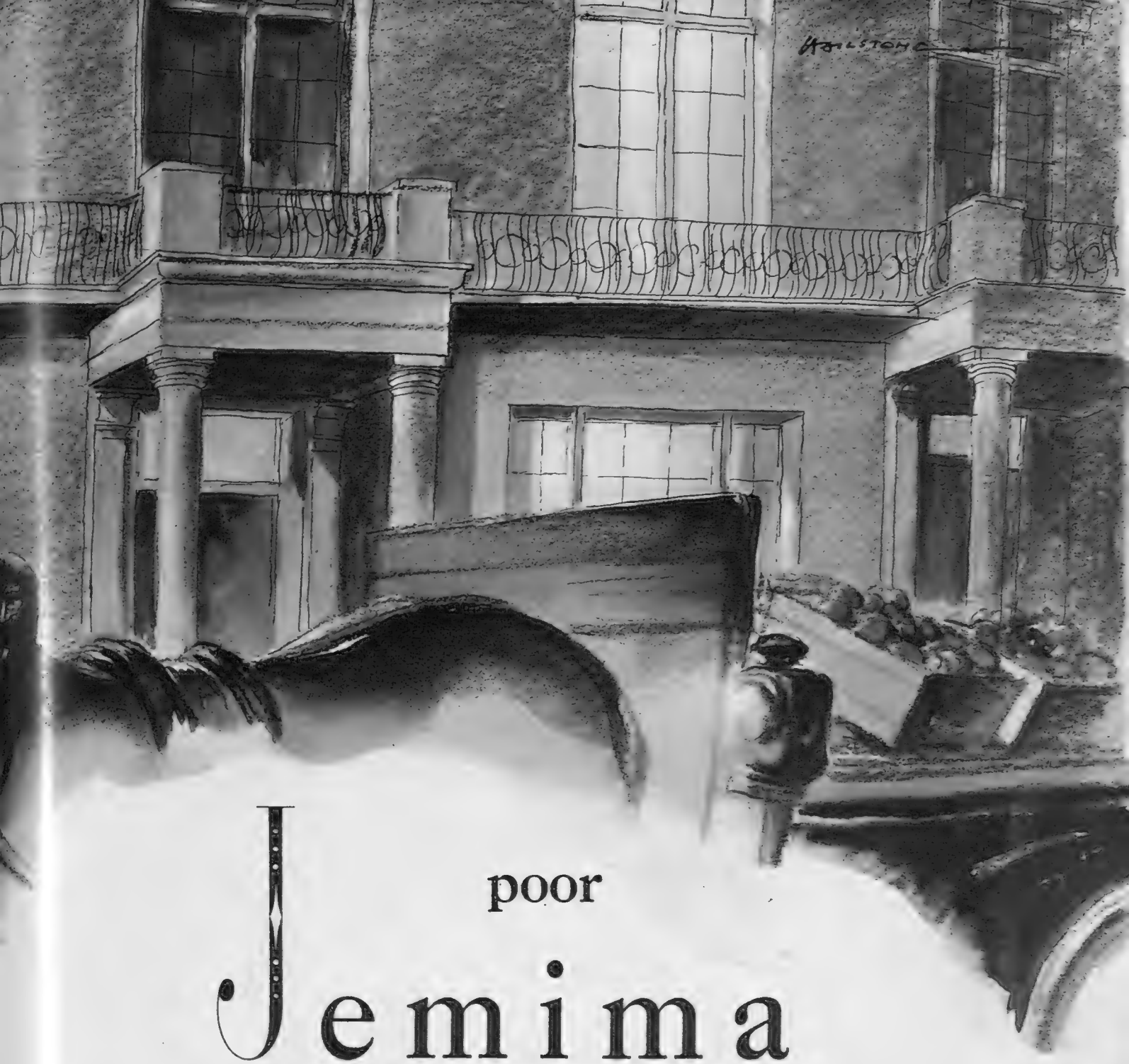
Almost more important, perhaps, is the fact that after a certain inevitable trial and error, a workable system of management has been evolved. A full-time, resident administrative secretary, a widow with two children, is in day-to-day command, doing the catering; overseeing the (*Continued on page 72*)

He couldn't help making drama out of everyday life — but you hadn't bargained for being in tears yourself

TOD SMALL was as big a rogue of an old Cockney hawker as you 'd find in the streets of London ; but he was a godsend to office workers like me, who live alone and don't get home till after the shops are closed. Twice a week his decrepit cart, piled with fruit and vegetables and drawn by a small brown pony, lumbered to a halt on the corner of the street, and his hoarse rallying cry, " 'Ere we are again, ladies ! 'Ere we are again ! " brought us hurrying out with our shopping-bags.

We knew quite well that the delectable array on the front of the cart—huge juicy oranges, rosy pippins, bright green sprouts—was like the silk handkerchief in a man's pocket—for display only ; and that we should be served from sacks of inferior produce secreted at the back. We knew, too, that unless we kept a hawk-eye on the old scoundrel we should be dealt short weight and short change. And he knew that we knew.

This gave an added zest to our bi-weekly transactions, turning each encounter into an amiable battle of wits—our alertness *versus* his cunning. Familiar though we were with his methods, however, he nearly always got the better of us. For Tod's technique was that of the Ancient Mariner. All



poor Jemima

Story by NINA WARNER HOOKE

Illustration by HAILSTONE

the time he was weighing our purchases, pressing a dirty finger hard on the scales and deftly slipping in an over-ripe pear or a few rotten potatoes, he held us spellbound, fettered in the toils of his own invention.

His harsher-minded customers called him a garrulous old liar; but I gave him the kinder title of a spinner of tales, a weaver of fantasy, whose rightful place was under a banyan tree in an Eastern market. He was a natural actor, with a strong sense of drama; and he had the power of the born story-teller to convince himself as well as his hearers. Any kind of casual remark could serve him as an opening gambit. A comment on the weather, for instance, would launch him at once.

"Ar, it 's a narsty, blowy night, and no mistake. The dead spit of the one when me brother Fred 'ad his little adventure. 'D I ever tell you about the dead body he fished out of the canal?"

He had probably told it half a dozen times. Tod's "regulars" knew most of his stock tales backwards. But we seldom found them tedious, for the reason that his characters and situations, though basically similar, were not constant. For example, the body discovered by Fred in the canal (or the river, or Highgate Ponds or Tilbury Dock) was not always a corpse. Sometimes it was a would-be suicide, or the still-breathing victim of an underworld gang. "A gharstly sight, me dears, riddled with bullet-holes." (Or razor slashes, or dagger thrusts.)

His stories were not all of the lurid kind. Some had the naïve and simple charm of a folk-tale, ending up with riches and happiness-ever-after. In this category was the one about his pal, Bert Crummit, who picked up a bit of paper lying in the gutter, and it turned out to be a thousand-pound bank-note (or a winning ticket in the Irish Sweep). And also the one about his niece Maudie, who went to America to work as a chambermaid in a hotel, and hadn't been there a month before one of the patrons married her—"... and turned out to be as rich as Rockyfeller and bought the whole bloomin' hotel for her as a wedding present."

The ones we liked best, though, were those about Jemima.

JEMIMA was his pony, and Tod's devotion to her excused him, in my eyes, at least, for the villainies he practised on his customers. She was getting on in years, like her master; but you would never have (*Continued on page 76*)

Flowers that Face the Cold

article by
W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

painting by
LUCIEN LOWEN

I HAVE a friend in Kent who had a very charming idea two or three years back. He decided to make a little winter garden. It 's not more than about 12 ft. by 10 ft. in all, but it 's very fascinating indeed. He 's arranged it almost in a semi-circle, quite close to the house. In fact, it leads off to the verandah on one side. And thus the plants get the necessary protection and his wife hasn't got far to go to see the beauties of the winter. It 's not surprising that this garden has caused a great deal of interest and that when womenfolk come to tea, they always ask to have a peep at the precious plants.

There are two important points to bear in mind when planning such a garden. One, that the soil must be properly enriched by fine organic matter, and two, that some shelter is provided against the cold north and east winds. It 's a very good thing to fork in horticultural sedge peat at two bucketfuls to the square yard when the beds are being prepared, and to add at the same time a fish fertiliser with a 10 per cent. potash content at 2 to 3 ozs. to the square yard. The drainage, of course, must be perfect. Don't choose a low spot unless you can be sure that the water doesn't collect there and unless you are certain that there 's some method of getting the excess water away from the sub-soil. Naturally, agricultural drain-pipes are ideal for this purpose.

If you are lucky enough to be able to use a wall—perhaps at the side of the house or the wall which divides the garden from the next-door neighbour, then this can be furnished with the winter jasmine which is covered with golden-yellow scented flowers during the dull days of the year. A *Cotoneaster horozontalis* is also very useful indeed, for the shrub spreads itself naturally like a fan on the wall and is always covered with brilliant scarlet berries in December and January.

As it is so important to provide some shade, our little winter garden will have to have some shrubs as a background. The winter flowerers may be impervious to frosts, but if the sun shines brightly on them immediately after they have been frozen there may be trouble, and there 's where the shrubs and the shade come in. The dogwood (*Cornus sanguinea*) is useful because it produces lovely wine-red stems which make it an attractive focal-point. After the leaves have fallen, the stems seem to glow with a rich, red colour. The tip, of course, is to cut down the shrubs quite hard each year so that they make plenty of young wood.

ONE can use a dwarf Scots pine (*Pinus silvestris aurea*) because in January it will have the colour of polished glass. Even the little junipers give some shade and their yellow and glaucous hues are most attractive. There are some pygmy spruces, too, which look gloriously green, and if the soil is limeless, then it 's worth while thinking of the dwarf rhododendrons, whose leaf colours at Christmas and the New Year display shades of infinite variety. They can be emerald, rusty-red, golden-buff coloured, and bronze.

Other shrubs that prove very popular indeed because they 're sweetly scented are the Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans*) and the Chinese Witch Hazel (*Hamamelis mollis*). This latter produces yellow-ribboned " tassels " from December onwards. It can grow quite tall but it 's fun keeping it in check by cutting back some of the branches for vases indoors. The winter sweet has creamy flowers which some people say have an aroma like that of ripe pears. Cut the stems to bring them in the house and you 'll find a distinct (*Continued on page 78*)

Key to the painting on right

1. Witch-hazel. 2. Daphne Mezereum. 3. Christmas Rose. 4. Aconite. 5. Laurus Tinus. 6. Forsythia. 7. Winter Jasmine. 8. Spindle berries. 9. Berberis. 10. Berries of the Wayfaring Tree.

Lowen

Crown Yourself King

Lundy . . . Redonda . . . Saltees . . . island kingdoms with self-elected rulers. Who are they and how is it done?

Photo by ALLAN CASH

. . . of Your Own Island

by

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

Michael Neale, self-elected Prince of the Saltees, shipped a four-ton stone throne to his island kingdom, six miles off the south-east coast of Eire. On the opposite page (small picture): the island-dotted coast at Badcall Bay in the N.W. of Scotland

THIS fever for owning, or at any rate living on, small islands seems to be catching. Every other week one seems to hear of some new group of enthusiasts going off into the blue, away from forms and regulations, to live the free, untrammelled life of island sovereigns. Sometimes they even give themselves the airs of real sovereigns. They issue stamps, mint money, create a nobility, perhaps obligingly knight the visiting reporter. Can one really do these things? Because if so . . .

Closer investigation is bound to dispel some of the romantic haze that hangs around islands, as a closer approach to their shores will eliminate something of their mystery. Queen Elizabeth II is the fount of all honour in the United Kingdom, say the College of Arms firmly, and no order of nobility will be acknowledged which is not inaugurated by her. But if you can find an island whose natives do not object to your calling yourself King, you can be a law unto yourself; your knighthood would have a local amusement value anyway, if confined strictly within your own coast.

The Republic of Ireland seems to have taken a tolerant attitude to Mr. Michael Neale, who recently bought Great Saltee island, six miles off the Wexford coast, and proclaimed himself its "prince." But when he refused to pay a motoring fine because he had been prosecuted as Mr. Neale and not as Prince Michael, it did not hesitate to take normal proceedings against His Salteean Highness.

A SMALL Caribbean island called Redonda has likewise been a source of ennoblement. M. P. Shiel, the Irish novelist, bought it in the 1880s, and on his death left it to his friend John Gawsworth, the lyric poet, who proceeded to ennoble anyone who would do service to the memory of Shiel. Among the "dukes" and "duchesses" of Redonda are Victor Gollancz, the publisher, J. B. Priestley, Rebecca West and Stephen "Lifemanship" Potter. At the last Redondan "court," held recently in the lounge of a Surrey hotel, Robert Fabian of Scotland Yard was created a duke, despite his protests that he had never done more for Shiel than buy him a drink: "What better service could there be?" King Juan of Redonda airily replied.

The private stamps and money of the island "kings" have, in the same way, a merely local use and value. They are not real stamps or currency, just tokens, and the stamps and money of the country to which the island belongs still have to be used for mail and purchases beyond its shores. If the island did not belong to any other country, its "ruler" would have to get the recognition of the Universal Postal Convention for his stamps. What usually happens is that letters from such places go to the nearest "big" country to be stamped before they are posted.

Lundy is the British islet which has most successfully shown its independence in this matter. It was always a high-spirited little place, and a haunt of pirate gangs right up to the eighteenth century, though the famous "King of Lundy," William de Marisco, was a Norman baron hanged in the reign of Henry II. Then in the nineteenth century its population was temporarily swollen by quarrying, and token coins were issued for the quarrymen's use.

THE present owner, Mr. Martin Coles Harman, revived the custom in the 1920s, with his issue of the "Lundy puffin" (Lundy being a Norse word signifying Puffin Island). This is a penny bearing his head on the one side and a puffin on the other, and it is still in local circulation.

Mr. Harman's puffin stamp is in a rather different category. He conveys mails to and from the island, and proposed to the Postmaster General that his own mail should be carried free in return for this service. The offer was refused, but instead he was allowed to issue his own "puffinage," which the P.M.G. acknowledges, to cover the cost of taking the mails over. Thus, letters posted on Lundy bear a puffin stamp and an ordinary stamp.

Theoretically H.M. subjects have the right to have their (*Continued on page* 66)

Mr. Harman, owner of Lundy Island, issued his own stamps in commemoration of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II

They watched Pierre at the boats. "He has only one ambition," said the priest, "and that I cannot fulfil"

FATHER AUGUSTUS shrugged his thin shoulders and smiled gratefully.

"As you wish," he said in his precise English with its strong French accent. "I have ideas on the subject, of course, but you are an artist, Monsieur, you are going to paint it so I leave it to you."

They presented a curious picture in contrasts, the French priest and the English artist as they sat on the stone seat overlooking the Mediterranean and the fishing boats flopping at anchor in the little bay of St. Jean Cap-Ferrat; the priest sparse and dim with his distance-searching eyes and pale, still hands; and John Farland, plump, dark, full of life and movement.

The subject in hand was the new reredos which, in an expansive moment, John had promised to paint for the altar of Father Augustus's little church in the olive grove on the hill.

The two men had met quite by chance a few days previously, Father Augustus having caught John in the act of admonishing a small boy for throwing a stone at Pierre the hunchback. Pierre had covered his face with his arm and run away as fast as possible on his short legs, with the small boy's voice following him cruelly :

"Ach—Chameau—Chameau. . . ."

Father Augustus appearing suddenly through the trees had taken John's arm and walked a little way with him.

"Thank you for your concern, Monsieur," he said, gently. "Do not think it is not appreciated. But it will only make life worse for poor Pierre if you punish any of the villager's children for their thoughtless cruelty. I know. I have been trying to—to —how do you say? Stamp it out for years."

He withdrew his arm from John's and stood looking back the way he had come through the trees.

"Are you in a hurry?" he asked. "You are a visitor I suppose. I would like to show you my little church, Our Lady of Sorrow. Just through the olives—not far. Will you come, Monsieur?"

John was amazed at the excellent taste displayed in the tiny church. The general effect was of extreme cleanliness; of white, sky-blue and gold. The Stations of the Cross in their procession round the walls were carved and ripe with age and polish; the statues were fresh, the flowers bountiful; and over all was the

With unending patience

The Outcast

STORY by PHYLLIS AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS by D. L. MAYS

faint smell of incense, stimulating in John's mind for some reason a desire to kneel if not to pray.

It was true that the green silk curtain behind the altar was inadequate compared with all else, and John in his mind's eye could see the reredos that should take its place, therefore it was almost like telepathy when Father Augustus told him of the money he was collecting for the painting of a reredos that would add a loveliness to the altar and be worthy in the eyes of God.

John suspected a not very cleverly disguised claim on his pocket, but was sufficiently touched by the old man's eagerness to wrap the fact up decently, to make a suggestion.

"I am an artist," he said as the Father closed the heavy door of the church behind him and they once again stood in the hot flannel heat of the afternoon outside. "Let me submit some rough ideas to you, unless you have someone already in mind."

"No—no—I have no one. I have not got as far as that yet. The money is not sufficient I am afraid."

"Never mind about that now. We'll talk of it later on. I will get to work at once. I like your little church so much Father. I should be proud to do it for you."

* * *

AND now a day or two later they were sitting watching the fishing boats and one in particular where Pierre could be seen scouring and baling in the belly of the boat, tossing pails of scaly water overboard and generally cleaning up.

Pierre, the hunchback, nicknamed "The Camel" by the village children, despite his unpopularity with the villagers, was the willing horse of most. Quick on his short legs, clean and pathetically eager to please, he was at the beck and call of all and sundry, with as many kicks as halfpence as his reward for errands run, and dirty jobs neatly accomplished. All this John had learned from Father Augustus as they sat together in the shade of a mimosa tree.

"He is a good young man," the Father said watching Pierre rolling nets from the boat. "You have only to look at his face to realize that. Alas, the poor thing has only one great ambition which I would like to fulfil for him, but cannot."

At John's request he went on to tell him of Pierre's immovable desire to serve at Mass. Most of the young men and boys in the village had enjoyed this honour, indeed, unholy was the boy who had not done so; but Pierre, because of his shape, which would probably be even more grotesque in cassock and surplice, had been kindly, but firmly refused.

Year after year he had waited. Year after year Father Augustus had wondered whether he should hold a Mass especially for him. Just the two of them. But he knew that if the villagers came to hear of it there would be a great fuss and probably letters to the Cardinal. So Pierre, heavy with this holy desire, sat each Sunday and odd weekdays at the back of the church dreaming of the day when he would stand up at the altar with Father Augustus, nearer to God than anyone else in the congregation, delivering the responses in a firm, reverent voice.

The whole thing was past John's comprehension. Not only why the desire of this young man should embitter the villagers so much, but the refusal of the Father to flout his congregation's selfish if not wicked wish to crush Pierre's longing. He said as much in kindly fashion.

he had waited, till even hope itself was but a dying ember

"Ah, I cannot expect you to understand," Father Augustus replied with a sigh. "Look. Pierre is coming up the steps. I would like you to meet him. He will be a bit fishy I'm afraid."

John was glad of the opportunity for he had only caught glimpses of the young man bending to his work and he was curious to see what sort of face Nature had seen fit to add to that disfiguring hump. Had she perhaps relented? Or had she carried out her ugly inspiration to the end?

On hearing Father Augustus's voice Pierre stood before them and John had his answer.

Despite the few gleaming fish scales which clung to the pale brown hair and faded blue shirt, John sat in silent wonder at the beauty of the face which rose above the pigeon chest. A face of perfect contour lent distinction by a small, fair beard. The eyes borrowing an even deeper blue from the shirt, were troubled yet patiently resigned. The whole head had, one felt, spent its life in search of a body to match. And what a man *that* would have made, John reflected.

Pierre's eyes rested shyly on John's face with an anxious yet steadfast expression.

"Speak to the gentlemen in English," Father Augustus said kindly. And then to John: "Pierre comes to me for instruction. He likes to try to talk English."

"'Ow do you do?" Pierre said haltingly.

"That's very good," John replied, smiling encouragingly. "And how do *you* do, Pierre?"

Pierre bowed comically.

"Er—very well—tank you."

The white teeth gleamed with pride as John congratulated him again. He then addressed him in French.

"You must come with me sometimes when I'm painting and talk to me in English. It will be good practice for you," John said.

And so it came about that often when John was painting some pet scene along the lovely French coast, Pierre was to be seen sitting as near as he dared to his grand new friend, watching entranced the magic being wrought by fingers, brush and pallet.

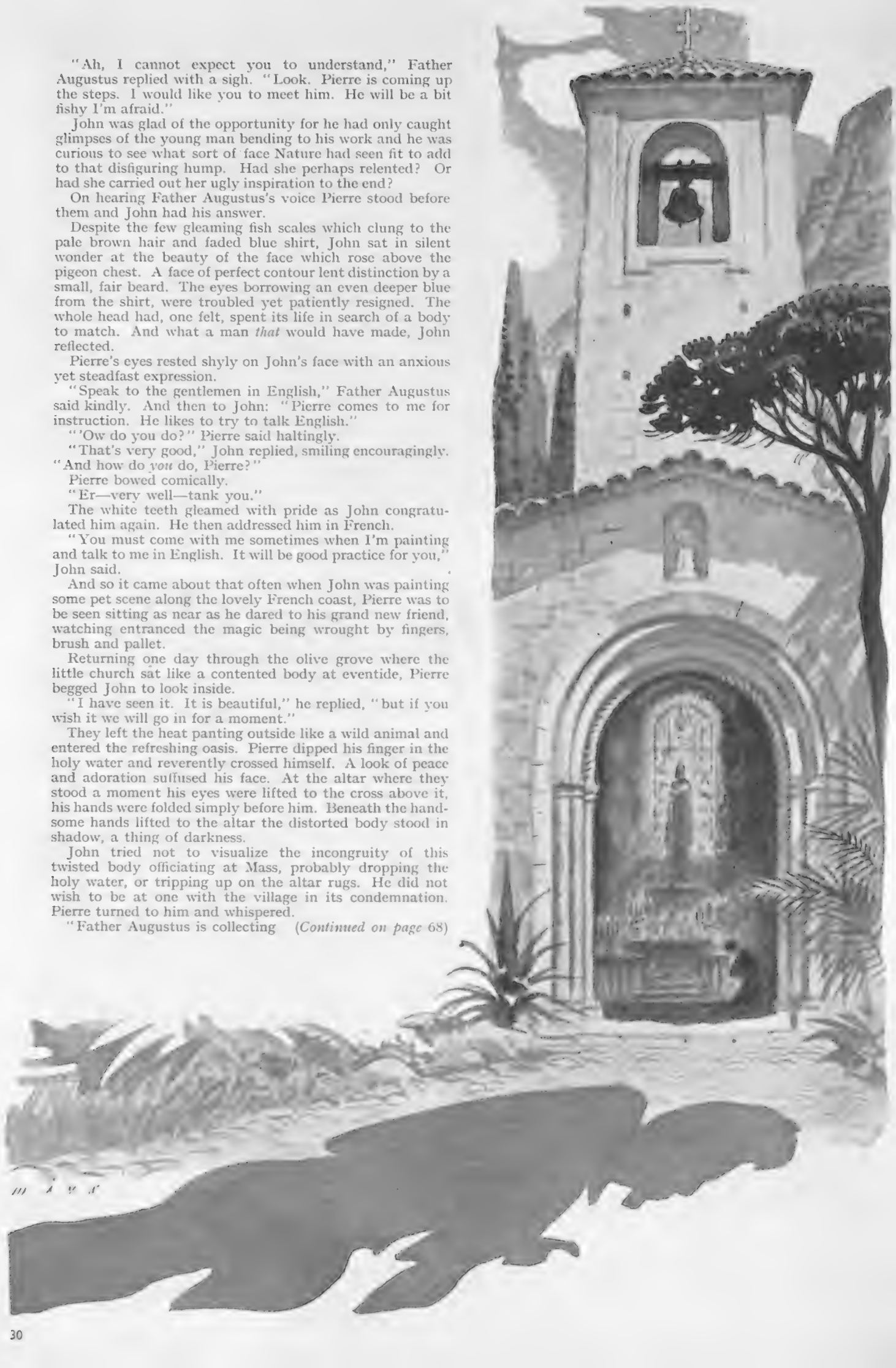
Returning one day through the olive grove where the little church sat like a contented body at eventide, Pierre begged John to look inside.

"I have seen it. It is beautiful," he replied, "but if you wish it we will go in for a moment."

They left the heat panting outside like a wild animal and entered the refreshing oasis. Pierre dipped his finger in the holy water and reverently crossed himself. A look of peace and adoration suffused his face. At the altar where they stood a moment his eyes were lifted to the cross above it, his hands were folded simply before him. Beneath the handsome hands lifted to the altar the distorted body stood in shadow, a thing of darkness.

John tried not to visualize the incongruity of this twisted body officiating at Mass, probably dropping the holy water, or tripping up on the altar rugs. He did not wish to be at one with the village in its condemnation. Pierre turned to him and whispered.

"Father Augustus is collecting (*Continued on page* 68)



A handwriting expert claims that study of a child's handwriting will reveal his potentialities

His Character is in HIS OWN HAND

by

FRANK DELINO

TO the expert eye of the graphologist, a child's first attempts at writing reveal just as much of his character, as the adult reveals in his mature hand. The graphologist is not concerned with styles of writing. It is the characteristics of the writing which give him the material from which he works out his analysis of character from handwriting.

The characteristics of handwriting might be described as the individual formation of the letters and words, quite independent of the style adopted. They are the result of impulses—conscious and unconscious—which go to make up the writer's personality. Set six children to copy a specimen of writing and the result will be six variations of the original. The variations are to all practical purposes, the characteristics.

There will be an exaggeration of a loop there, an individual way of crossing the t's and dotting the i's, a mass of idiosyncracies which, taken together, give the handwriting expert a picture of the personality of the writer. Many factors affect handwriting, even things as remote as poor health and strong emotions.

Since handwriting so closely reflects the temperament and personality of the writer, it follows that no two people write alike. Just as there are no two sets of fingerprints identical, so there are no two handwritings alike. On the other hand, people who think that "they never write the same way twice" are wrong as far as the graphologist is concerned. Though the style may alter, the characteristics remain constant and are immediately recognizable by the expert.

Graphology has practical application in many spheres. A graphologist may be consulted, as I have, by a prospective employer, anxious to know whether an applicant for a certain post is temperamentally fitted for it. On the other side of the picture, the graphologist, by reading character from a youngster's handwriting, will be able to judge what qualities the writer has and whether his bent is for one kind of career or another.

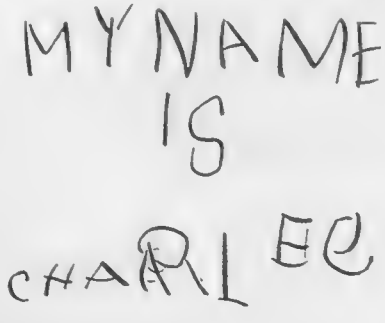
Abstract qualities like patience and conscientiousness are all revealed in handwriting. Artistic qualities are revealed in writing at a very early age. Writers of a "square" hand show an inventive and scientific mind. Athletes invariably form the lower loop of the letter f longer than the top loop.

Where serious issues are at stake, such as the choice of training or career, graphology should be left to the graphologist. There are too many factors involved, too many nuances of interpretation possible, for the amateur to possess anything more than a little learning which is a dangerous thing. But interesting comparisons can be made with these actual specimens of children's handwriting and the analysis of them.

* * * *

Charles – aged 6 years

has not yet been able to master the ability to join or semi-join his letters (as compared with Susan, page 58) and tends to follow the more simple way of printing his letters. Very young children prefer to (*Continued on page* 58)



Sample of script by Charles, aged six

Rima's embroidered television trews worn with a zebra striped jersey jacket. Photographed by Michael Williams

She wears the

JEAN BATEMAN finds that it still takes the right feminine form to wear the trousers elegantly

ONLY one word can describe the appearance of women's slacks today. They are *effeminate*.

Today's fancy pants, tapering, leg, thigh and hip-hugging charmers, bear only a distant-cousinly relationship to the manly garments that startled the fashion scena at the tail end of the irreverent twenties.

Comfort and suitability wisely govern current dress conventions, and most forms of clothing, so long as they are not too preposterously eccentric, are acceptable anywhere. Yet it was not so very long ago that any nice girl, preparing for a country visit to a prospective mother-in-law, might well have been asked by a diffident fiancé to leave her spry new slacks behind and pack her old tweed suit instead.

So much, so much, has happened in the eventful in-between, that it all seems as remote as swoon-and-crinoline days; but only the 1930s and 1940s divide us from the time when tongues buzzed and heads turned at the sight of women in trousers. This may have been not so much because they were wearing trousers, as because they looked such a sight in trousers.

For then, as now, when the whole character and form of the garment has changed, the essential physical requirements for wearing it successfully have remained the same.

Manly or feminine, pants still require the taut hip, the flat front, the compact back and, above all, from diaphragm down, the *spare* look. It is, however, only too obvious that many wearers confuse this with the spare tyre look.

Women have been putting themselves into some form of trousers at various periods in the last fifty years. There were harem skirts—almost a still-born style—and the longer-lived beach pyjamas. They were always hankering after them, but the idea did not jell until women's trousers assumed a truly masculine look.

This may have held particular significance. In every direction women were busily cementing their emancipation, contesting, side

TROUSERS

by side with men, for the high jobs, entering fields and professions hitherto reserved for men only. Metaphorically, they were beginning to wear the trousers. Physically, they put them on also.

Girls who have always had a pair in the wardrobe cannot know the very special thrill, compounded of exhilaration, daring and dedication-to-a-cause that was experienced by those rugged pioneers of the trousers-for-women movement.

People with long enough memories will perhaps recall that they overdid everything. Those whose charms alone could never have put them into the cynosure-of-all-eyes class, put on a pair of pants and became overnight cynosures. It was a heady wine. They flaunted themselves, on pier, promenade, up and down the country lanes, into the sacred-to-men country pubs, looking usually as if they expected to be told to run along home, like good girls and put your skirts on.

They wore pants, in fact, in what they took to be the man's way, hands deep in pockets, walking with long, inelegant strides, sprawling and splaying their trousered legs around, enjoying the sensation of being a sensation.

It took quite a while to iron out those early bad habits, and it seems to have fallen to the third generation, classically required time for the making of a lady or a gent, to wear the garment like a lady, and not like a gent.

Even before this was established, the gents themselves displayed, on the whole, an unexpectedly benign and tolerant attitude towards the whole affair.

If men experienced a certain disenchantment in the spectacle of women with their legs wholly hidden from view, they bided their time. In due course they were rewarded. Came the bosom-defining sweater, which made up for many other deprivations.

Obviously, no girl expects her new tartan trews to receive the long, low whistle reserved for her entry in a fragile, sequined dance frock. She is, however, satisfied that her boy friend finds her beguiling in almost any form of slacks.

Some validity is thus given to a film situation with which we are extremely familiar, where the waif-like heroine wears the hero's pyjamas—four times too large for her—while waiting in his apartment for her wet clothes to be dried. (If you must know, they were caught in a storm.) This is supposed, as nothing else can, to underline her deep, deep femininity, and it is always pictured as the moment at which the hero falls protectively in love.

Other situations and problems confront the non-waifs of the real-life world; and one is to decide the precise moment in time when trousers should be discarded for kinder, more sympathetic coverage.

This can be handled by a candid friend, or, with unusual courage, by oneself, taking a long, long look in a mirror with a good, square back view.

Failing both, of course, one can always go out and buy a pair of man's pyjamas, four sizes too large.

Hues of Winter

TAKE no mistake about it, the colours of your winter outfit are as telling, in the fashion sense, as a shorter skirt—if you want one—or the bulky barrel outline which labels a topcoat *dernier cri*.

At the Paris collections shock tactics ended with hemlines and outlines and as if to appease for earlier alarms colours moved into the lower register. The English houses, having left the shock treatment to Paris showed more daring in the use of colour and among the prevailing browns and blacks brought red glowing to the fore.

For all this the hues of winter are, in the main, dark in tone though clever in contrast.

Green—a vibrant olive shade—was prominent in Paris. We have photographed the prevailing green on the opposite page from the Dior London collection with the tawny apricot accessories which the Master prescribes.

Darker, subtler shades of red, cranberry is one of them, and black tulip, a deep rich colour, are becoming to most complexions when they are "lifted" with accessories of ice pink, a pastel shade tinged with faint blue.

Beige, after a long banishment among the dowdy colours, emerges again as "cognac" and "armagnac," in a flattering partnership with vibrant browns.

With the favoured browns black makes an elegant contrast though safer perhaps for the fair skinned. Darker complexions please note that the more trying beige is good with brown and that fashion allows a pale coat over a dark dress today, as for instance a creamy beige three-quarter-length over a tobacco brown dress with hat and shoes pointing the darker note.

Left: Frederick Starke's Cranberry wool suit—the red of the moment—combines with ice-pink hat and gloves. At the top, Matita's sand-beige mohair coat takes a stimulant ginger-brown as the accessory colour. Hats, gloves and marmot stole from Harrods of Knightsbridge.

Michael Williams photographs

Holly and dew

green . . .

. . . cranberry

and ice pink . . .

Sugar blonde

and brown . . .

. . green and

apricot . . .

Challoner Woods

Lavish pleating for a superbly simple dress from Christian Dior's London collection. The dress, hat and gloves are at Harrods in Knightsbridge

Speaking Beauties

by FRANCIS BUTTERFIELD

WE keep pets for many reasons, but the most compelling one is that we want company. Too often we forget that the pets, too, want company.

The budgerigar, that busy and charming character, is one of the most "clubby" types, and it should never be kept alone if it is to be left for long periods. If you are likely to have to leave one bird alone for most of the day it tends to become morose and spiteful, and its health might suffer. The obvious answer to this problem is to have two or more birds; then they will not need your company so much. If, on the other hand, you, or somebody of the household, are present most of the day, the one bird will be quite happy. You are second best, but failing its own kind, you'll do.

These human-animal relationships are entirely reciprocal. You look after their physical well-being and they, in their turn, repay with their own peculiar coinage—by just being their interesting and amusing selves, and there are few more amusing pets than these Australian parrakeets.

In their natural surroundings the birds are almost all dark green and smaller than the cultivated ones in which we are interested. They have been bred in this country for well over a hundred years, during which time four main colour variations have been produced—green, yellow, blue and white. There are shades and mutations of each of these divisions and within this scale, birds of almost any hue are to be had, although it would be fruitless to seek a black or red budgerigar : there aren't any.

And why should there be? I, for one, feel some satisfaction when Nature puts her foot down and says, "Thus far and no farther." If Nature revolts at the idea of a black tulip or a tortoiseshell tom-cat, Nature, doubtless to her unbounded satisfaction, gets a nod of approval from me.

Budgerigars are hardy and live six to eight years, barring accidents (cats are accidents), and have been known to live thirteen years.

They are easily fed, millet and (*Continued to page* 62)

Painting by EVE

Illustration by WETHERBEE

You Must be Slender

The Princess line inspired by Dior demands the perfect figure in which grace of proportion and posture play a vital part

NOW that the furore about skirt lengths has died down, the abiding dictate from Paris this season has left us not knee but diaphragm conscious. Dior's Princess line has already made its appearance elsewhere, in France and here in England, a sure indication that sooner or later we shall be wearing it, or at least aiming to.

Aim is the operative word, because the figure that will wear the Princess line well, is little short of perfect. You must be slender. You must be lissom. You must be youthfully supple in silhouette and movement, whatever your age.

Analyse the Princess line point by point. First there is the regal little head, poised on naturally sloped shoulders—no tailored cunning to make a whited sepulchre of round shoulders or curved backbone.

Then there is the young, round bosom above the flattest of flat diaphragms, with no kindly waistline definition to mark a waist where there is none. The long, slim waist melts into a gentle hip curve, making the Princess silhouette virtually one continuous, graceful curve from bosom to thigh.

The Princess line, in fact, reveals the perfect figure. To anticipate wearing it fashionably and with ease is an incentive to undertake some active measures for figure correction.

Leaving aside the question of overweight, which is a problem all to itself, a good figure is less a matter of measurements than of proportion. There is the good large figure, as well as the good petite figure. Improving the figure is not a matter of turning one type into another, but of making a perfect example of the individual type.

Exercises can help in improving the odd feature which mars the otherwise well-proportioned figure, although in these active days most women regard exercises as just another of those things. Massage will reduce a thickened waist or hipline less tediously, whether taken as a course of salon treatments or given with a home massager such as Pifco.

A conscious attempt to improve the posture will do nothing but good for the figure generally. By holding oneself well, it is possible to take inches off a waistline, give a youthful uplift to the bosom, add grace to the carriage of the head and add an inch or two to the stature over all.

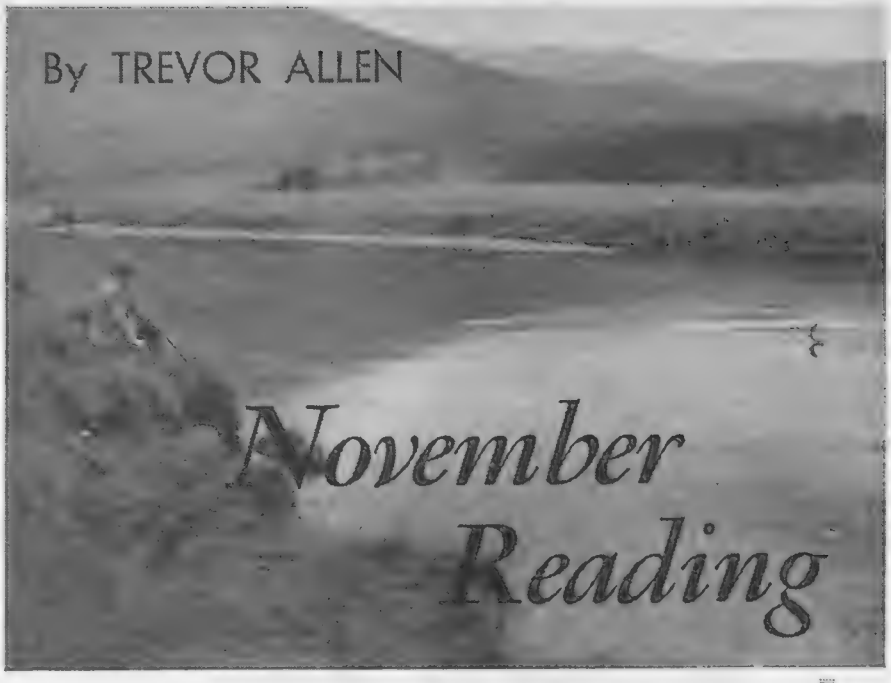
The most practical step towards figure improvement is of course, to invest in a good foundation garment. With the right control, the mediocre figure can be given a better-than-average grace of outline. Correctly fitted, the foundation garment will improve the silhouette without any sacrifice to suppleness of movement.

Miss Lilian Kirkland, the Court Royal Corset expert, is of the opinion that an all-in-one foundation will best safeguard the smooth bust to hip curve of the Princess silhouette, and the new feather-light, boneless elastic net corselette by Court Royal does, in fact, give perfect figure control without constriction.

For those who prefer separates, a high-waisted belt worn with a deep bra will achieve the best waist and diaphragm control for the heavier figure. Silhouette Foundations cunningly use "Trubenized" insets to their "non-roll" high-waisted corsets and deep bras, to ensure the smoothest control of diaphragm and waist.

There is no figure problem which cannot be improved by one means or another. It is only knowing what method or methods to adopt which needs thought. If you would like help in solving your figure problems, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

It is possible to turn the average figure into the silhouette of the current season, with its rounded bosom, neat waist and gently curving hipline



Frontispiece from Lord Tweedsmuir's **"Always A Countryman"**

OPEN-AIR MAN

LORD TWEEDSMUIR, inheriting a love of country sports from his novelist father, took naturally to gun and rod in the Oxfordshire and Highlands of his youth. He knew the virtues of rural folk, the strange prescience of animals, like the pony which suddenly reared up and backed violently with the trap down Elsfield hill. A moment later the limb of an elm bent and crashed across the road where it had been. After Oxford he became deckhand on an Iceland trawler, District Officer in Uganda—where he hunted big game—then explored the Canadian West, worked as fur trader with the Hudson's Bay Company in Baffin Land, and saw war service in the Canadian Army.

"Always A Countryman" (Hale, 21s.) is an autobiography with more than travel and adventure in it. Written in a quiet, unstrained, contemplative style, it reflects the poise of lonely places, satisfying the poet and nature-lover in us as well as the sportsman and man-of-action. Good photographs mirror an excitingly varied life.

ONE recipe for producing readable books is to lead a nomad life, knocking around unusual places, following the roads that end at a portable typewriter. Charles Thayer, for seven years secretary at the U.S. Embassy, Moscow, wrote amusingly of the life diplomatic in *Bears In The Caviar*. **"Hands Across The Caviar"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) records his experiences with Brig. Fitzroy Maclean's Anglo-U.S. Mission to Tito's Yugoslavia in 1944, when the Germans were retreating on Belgrade and the plight of that torn country was aptly summed up by a girl who pushed to the front of the crowd in Arandjelovac and asked Col. Huntingdon in fluent English: "Sir, can't you tell us what's going on? Since the war started we've been liberated by five different Yugoslav armies. Then the Germans, the Italians, the Russians and the Bulgarians. Now come the Americans and the British. Are you the last or must we expect still more armies to free us?" Tragedy—as in the wholesale shooting of German prisoners—blends with humour in this close-up of a liberation campaign, written by one with a sharp eye for the farcical which always underlies the serious in the Balkans.

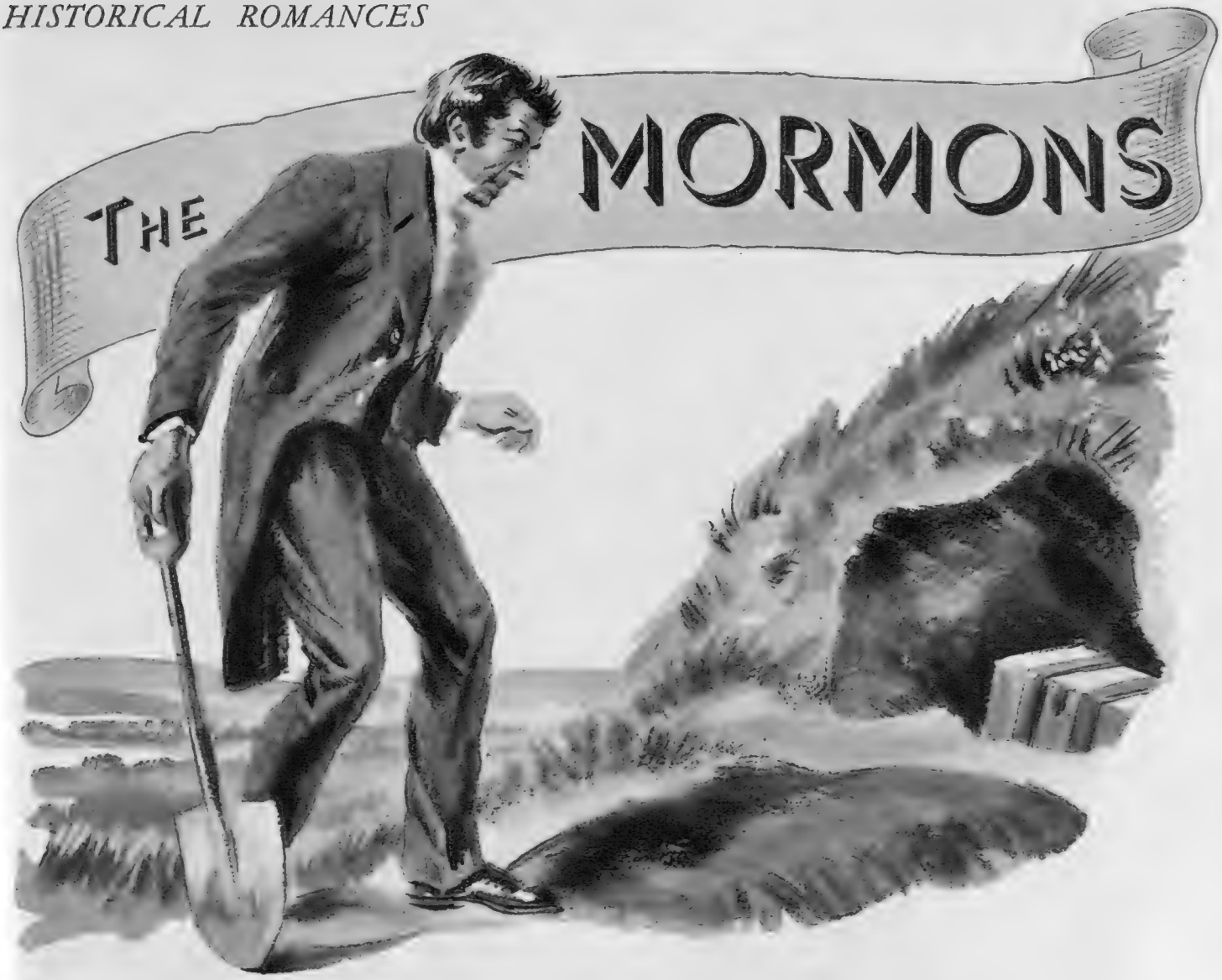
MARGARET MACKAY has got around a bit, too, since as a young girl she tripped round the world with a college chum. She has been in twenty-four countries, four continents, and about a dozen islands from the Med. to the Pacific. In **"I Live In A Suitcase"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) she packs a collection of lively travel episodes in all parts of the world, with incidental advice to the lone female who flounders on quays in a welter of luggage: "*First*, wear a very simple suit, to prove you're a lady—but a very chic hat, to show that you're not quite so simple as all that. *Second*, look helpless, amiable, and amused. *Third*, never ask for aid from any fellow passengers, or speak or even look as if you expected it. Wait and let *them* take over." A most entertaining traveller whom I would help through any literary Customs.

ALAN HESS'S stint, with racing driver Ken Wharton and mechanic Ron Jeavons, was to drive an A40 Austin from the Equator near Entebbe to Jokkmokk on the Arctic Circle—as fast as possible, to submit it to extremes of heat and cold under hard working conditions. He covered 7,673 land miles, averaging 672 daily, in 271 hours, 50 minutes gross time, at an overall average of 28 m.p.h., an actual running average of 34.6; and in the sands of the desert between Berber and Wadi Halfar all but conked out from thirst ere four railmen on a trolley car happened along. **"Crazy Journey"** (Foulis, 12s. 6d.) will thrill all motorists who think a lot of a toddle to Brighton or Blackpool with stops for drinks.

BIG GAME hunting is Alexander Lake's beat. A nasty old baboon sneaks up on him while he's blissfully snoozing on a rocky ledge, and both plunge into a treetop below. When he thinks he's stalking the wily devils the kopje suddenly sprouts baboons from behind rocks, showing that they were really stalking him. He (*Continued on page* 80)

Marguerite Steen's **"Anna Fitzalan"** treats of an old theme — the woman pays. H. E. Bates (right) tells three stories in **"The Nature Of Love"**—of tragedy, transience and pique. Cover motif (above) is from Juliette de Baïracli Levy's strangely intense **"Bride Of Llew"**

THE MORMONS



Illustrations by ROBERT HODGSON

Story by JOHN HERBERT

THERE is no stranger or more dramatic tale in North America's recent history than that of the rise of the Mormons, that great brotherhood born of a mystic revelation claimed to have been vouchsafed to a humble Yankee named Joseph Smith, and lifted to world fame through the genius of that much-married patriarch, Brigham Young.

With Young's name, indeed, is specially linked the practice of polygamy that once made the Mormons notorious; but it was Smith, himself a man of several wives, who first proclaimed to his followers the legality of plural marriage. And it was his sensational "Polygamy Revelation" that ended his bizarre evangelical career, bringing him a sordid, untimely death from an assassin's bullet.

To some of the Mormons his "Revelation" proved highly unwelcome, and these broke away from the Church and set up an opposition newspaper, the *Expositor*. Smith tried to suppress the paper and was arrested; and while in gaol awaiting trial was set upon and shot by a hostile mob that stormed the prison.

Some have called Joseph Smith a charlatan: some have dismissed him as the victim of hallucinations. But, true or false, his astonishing account of visions, visitations and discovery of sacred records fired an ever-growing band of followers—they called themselves the Latter-Day Saints—to trek and pioneer across America, amid persecution, strife, violence and often great hardship, to seek and eventually (after his death) to find the Mormons' Promised Land.

There had been nothing quite like it since Biblical days.

Joseph, son of a Vermont farmer, was fifteen when he had his first vision. Seeking spiritual counsel in the woods near Palmyra (New York State) on a fine spring day in 1820, he received a celestial visitation and was bade to join no sect but await further heavenly instructions.

Three years later an angel appearing to him in his sleep told him of a sacred book written on golden plates, and with them, as keys to the book, "two stones in silver bows." These, he learned, were hidden "on the west side of a hill,not far from the top, about four miles from Palmyra, and near the mail-road which leads thence to the small town ofManchester."

Not for four years was young Joseph permitted to seek out this sacred document; and then, on an early autumn evening, he went, afire with expectation, to the appointed place to unearth them.

The angel had not misled him. For there, sure enough, in a stone box, was a volume six inches thick made up of gold plates bound together with gold rings; and with them the "stones"—two crystals, through which were to be deciphered the book's ancient characters.

EAGERLY translated by Joseph, with his wife assisting, this testament was seen to tell of the early settlement of America by a colony coming from the Tower of Babel and to predict the Millennium and the establishment of the New Zion there.

To the wandering Joseph this long-awaited revelation seemed nothing less than the basis of a new faith. He would proclaim it to the world, he thought; make it the Bible of a new sect—yes, and with himself as chief priest. And so (the gold plates having been spirited away, though not before three associates of Joseph had testified to having seen them) was given to the people of America the Book of Mormon.

And that same year (1830), at Fayette, Seneca County, the Mormon Church was founded, with Joseph Smith as leader and a close colleague, Oliver Cowdery, as deputy.

For fourteen years Joseph reigned as "Prophet" of the Mormons—exciting, eventful and sometimes stormy years in which his strange religion attracted many disciples. But while converts flocked to his banner he was assailed by many

scoffers and sceptics. Several times in the early days his house was attacked by angry crowds and more than once he was shot at.

And ever, with their distant " Promised Land " in prospect, he and his followers were on the move, trekking westwards, from New York State to Ohio, from Ohio to Missouri, from Missouri to Illinois, where, on a desolate tract bordering the Mississippi, they founded the Mormon settlement of Nauvoo.

Here it was that the vexed question of polygamy reared its head and brought the Prophet low. His bullet-riddled corpse lying outside the gaol at near-by Carthage (his brother Hyrum died with him) testified that this forceful, magnetic and seemingly inspired preacher could engender in the hearts of simple Americans hatred as well as veneration.

When to Joseph Smith, who died aged thirty-eight, succeeded that bearded, zealous missionary, Brigham Young, polygamy came into its own and appeared to the world as one of the hall-marks of Mormonism. In his time Young took to himself close on thirty wives. And it is said that at one period twenty-three were alive together.

It was a strange domestic life that this dominating patriarchal figure led. In Salt Lake City he built special mansions for his many spouses: the Lion House and the Beehive House—and Amelia Palace, where he installed his cherished Amelia Folsom, who supplanted his earlier favourite, the beautiful Emmeline Free.

Communal dinner in the Lion House, " very much after the manner of a boarding-house meal," was followed by family prayers at seven. " The wives," records a writer, " were ranged round the Prophet, who sat in the middle of the room and read a passage of scripture, after which he prayed, while they all knelt at their chairs. When family prayers were finished they all trooped out; but more often than not the Prophet left first, and the wives had to spend the evening among themselves."

But the uxorious despot of the Lion House was also the leader of men, the law-giver, the Mormon " Moses " who had brought his followers to the Promised Land—not, it is true, some lush, luxuriant land flowing with milk and honey, but the harsh, forbidding territory of Utah.

In the great trek westward of the Mormons from Nauvoo to Utah in 1846—their final migration—there was untold drama, hardship and heroism. And ever inspiring his weary, flagging followers was Young.

WHAT must have been Brigham Young's feelings when, after trekking over more than 1,000 miles of canyon, mountain and uncharted route, he first set eyes on the " Valley of Promise "? Ailing from mountain fever and lying on a couch in his wagon, he was driven to a spot where the Valley opened before him. He stopped the driver and raised himself on his elbow to gaze at the scene which marked the end of the Mormons' journeyings.

The scouts who had gone before him had already begun to plough and dig a dam for irrigation. And as Young's wagon came to a stop at their encampment, they and the three women who had accompanied them stood to attention in respect for the leader who had brought them safely through.

More disastrous, but still an integral part of the early Mormon story, were the " Handcart Treks " of the English converts that Brigham Young had made in Liverpool, and induced to join the Mormons in Salt Lake City. In three

The " handcart trek " of the English converts. Of 1,500 who left Liverpool, many died on the journey

bands of 500 each, these men, women and children who had set out so hopefully from England to seek the Promised Land, made their way across deserts, through rivers and over mountains in the face of oncoming winter, pushing their poor belongings in small handcarts.

This plan of Young's to ease the transport difficulties which was keeping the numbers of Mormon immigrants down, turned out all but calamitously. Pitifully unused to roughing-it, the British were nearly decimated by exposure, cold and hunger. Many of those who reached Salt Lake City bore for life the marks of the privations suffered on those dreadful marches.

When the battered voyagers from England limped into the Mormon capital it was ten years since Brigham Young's pioneering wagon had rattled down the stony slopes of the Valley, and the place that had been a wilderness had become a thriving colony. Under the dynamic guidance of the Prophet the work of settlement had started on the very day of the

first Mormons' arrival. But conditions in those early seasons, as the further companies of immigrants joined the vanguard, were hard indeed.

Of that first winter in the Valley, a nephew of Brigham Young wrote : " For several months we had no bread. Beef, milk, pig-weeds, segoes and thistles formed our diet. I was the herd boy, and while out watching the stock I used to eat thistle stalks until my stomach would be as full as a cow's. At last the hunger was so sharp that father took down an old bird-pecked ox-hide from the branch of a gnarled dwarf oak bush that stood on our lot, and converted it into delicious soup, which was enjoyed by the family as a rich treat."

In Brigham Young's absence (he went back to join and lead westwards the main body of the Mormons) there was a disastrous pest-visitation that made it seem as if Fate itself were against the settlers.

Just as the jealously-tended crops were ripening to give the first desperately-needed harvest, the skies were darkened by a vast body of crickets that fell upon the yellowing grain, stripping the blades bare as they went. Against the ravening swarms the colonists were powerless : famine stared them (and the contingents that were even then trekking westwards to join them) in the face. But then a " miracle " happened, averting what might have been the eclipse of this great sect in its infancy.

To the three-day fast and prayers for salvation enjoined by one of the Patriarchs there was a heartening, soul-stirring answer. Huge flocks of gulls suddenly appeared and destroyed the gorging insects. In the words of one who saw them : " The first I knew of the gulls, I heard their sharp cry. Upon looking up, I beheld what appeared like a vast flock of pigeons coming from the north-west. . . . There must have been thousands of them. Their coming was like a great cloud ; and when they passed between us and the sun, a shadow covered the field. I could see the gulls settling for more than a mile around us. They were very tame, coming within four or five yards of us.

" At first we thought that they were also after the wheat, and this added to our terror ; but we soon discovered that they devoured only the crickets. We let our gentle visitors have full possession of the field. As I remember it, the gulls came every morning for about three weeks, when their mission was apparently ended, and they ceased coming. The precious crops were saved."

This remarkable deliverance, which seemed a miracle indeed, has enshrined the gull for ever as a sacred bird among the Mormons.

BUT the wresting of a living from inhospitable Nature was not the only problem facing Young and his followers. There were Indians around their settlements whose presence brought trouble—though trouble was the last thing that the Prophet wanted with them : for did not the Book of Mormon proclaim these Indians descendants of a tribe of Israel ?

" Feed the Indians, don't fight them ! " was Young's cry. But despite the Mormons' friendly approaches, disturbances were rife in those early days, caused mostly by the unruly Mexican traders who, as a reprisal for being banned from the Utah territories, stirred up Walkara, the fiery chief of the Ute Indians, to declare war on the settlers.

In this tense atmosphere, with the Mormons summoned from their peaceful callings to keep the raiding Indians in check, an ugly incident occurred. A Government engineer, Lieutenant Gunnison, and seven of his men were massacred while on a survey mission in the near-by Sevier Valley by Indians avenging the killing of some of their tribe.

Blame for the murder of Gunnison and his companions fell on the Mormons.

THE Prophet, ceremonially visiting Walkara's encampment to investigate the affair for himself, discovered that the Ute braves were not involved, and over a pipe of peace with their chief (of which Young, a non-smoker, did not partake) found the old warrior not unfriendly.

And soon afterwards the hatchet was buried completely when Brigham Young, in a tour of the settlements, came upon Walkara grieving for a sick Indian child whose life the tribe's medicine-man had despaired of. Young asked to see the child, and, placing his hands on its head, spoke a prayer over it. And the child—so the story goes—was healed.

But though the Mormons settled their differences with the Indians, bitter antagonism between whites and redskins went on—and one tragic episode was to bring, for a time, undeserved disgrace on the Mormon name.

A party of California-bound emigrants —the " Missouri Wildcats "—passing through Mormon territory, earned the hatred of the Indians through their poisoning of Indian drinking-places, and other acts. The Indians attacked them, inducing some whites to join them. Young heard of this intervention and did all he could to stop it, but in vain. Every adult emigrant was slaughtered.

When Young learnt the full enormity of this crime he was " horrified and wept bitterly."

The trials and tribulations of the early Mormons were the growing-pains of a great religious body. To-day Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and all those Latter-Day Saints have their monument in Salt Lake City's great Mormon Temple. This solid granite pile, whose first block was laid in 1853, now recalls the stirring achievements of those first difficult days.

Daily scene in the strange domestic life of the patriarch—communal dinner " after the manner of a boarding-house meal "

Gertrude Baker has some practical ideas for new and interesting ways with curtains and pelmets

Flatter your WINDOWS

CURTAIN materials become ever more varied and exciting in fabric and design. Why is it, then, that curtains are still hung in the same old way—a frill for thin material, a pelmet for thick ? And how often one still sees them with the right side facing the neighbours.

Curtains are part of the colour scheme for the room—and a very important part. They certainly cannot play this part if they are displaying the wrong side of themselves. What looks more insipid than the wrong side of a print with the strong light from the window behind it ?

First thing, then, is to see that guests and not passers-by get the benefit of the curtains. The strength of the colours, and, incidentally, the hang of the curtains, is certainly improved by lining. It adds to the expense, but it also helps to exclude draughts, and to lengthen the life of the curtains. In a window facing south, curtains will quickly fade and rot, but if they are lined, the lining will go first : and since lining material is tough, with a glazed surface, it will not rot quickly.

A lined curtain is naturally heavier than an unlined one, and must have something substantial to hang on. The popular metal railways come in various gauges, so be sure that yours is strong enough, and that it is securely fixed : a floor-to-ceiling lined curtain can be very heavy, as you will find when you go to hang it. Make sure also that you buy sufficient railway to have a centre overlap of 4 ins. Just measuring the width of the window is not enough.

The next job is to hide the fittings from which the curtains are hanging, and this is where we find ourselves back among frills and pelmets. Both take up extra material and have to be changed with the curtains, and both exclude a good proportion of light from the room.

After all, a frill must be 4 or 5 ins. deep, and the deep, fringed-and-tasselled pelmets so beloved by cinemas and luxury hotels often appear in our small, modern homes, looking very uncomfortable, of course. It really is quite unnecessary to have a foot of elaborately constructed pelmet to conceal a fitting that can hide decently behind 2 or 3 ins.

A useful and economical alternative is a piece of wood. With it you can construct something like a miniature pelmet. If you have a pelmet-board already in position, then instead of tacking up a pelmet made of the curtain material, tack up a piece of plywood, just deep enough to hide the metal fittings.

This can then be treated in the same way as the ceiling, the walls, the rest of the woodwork, or any other way that fits in with the curtains. The thing to remember, though, is that the wooden fitting must not outshine the curtains. (*Continued on page* 68)

The Lines are Slimming

This jumper, which has been specially designed for the fuller figure, will fit a 40—42-in. bust, working at a tension of 8 sts. to the inch on No. 10 needles. It takes 8 ozs. Torpedo X Super 3-ply wool, No. 12 and No. 10 needles.

BACK

WITH No. 12 needles, cast on 124 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 ins.

Change to No. 10 needles and st. st. 4 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 6th row until 154 sts. are on needle.

Work for 13 ins.

TO SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. both ends of next and every alt. row until 120 sts. remain.

Continue without dec. until work measures 21½ ins. from beg.

TO SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, then st. st. 4 rows on remaining sts. at back of neck (to turn in).

Cast off.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 132 sts. K. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 ins.

Next row.—Rib 6 sts., inc. in next st. Rib 8, inc. in next st. (15 times). Rib 5 (148 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and pattern thus:

1st row.—K. 12 * m. 1, k. 3, k. 3 tog., k. 3 * (5 times). M. 1, k. 2 tog. through back of loops, k. 32, * m. 1, k. 3, k. 3 tog., k. 3 (5 times). M. 1, k. 2 tog. through back of loops, k. 10.

2nd row.—P. 12, * m. 1, p. 8, * 5 times. M. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 32, m. 1, p. 8, * 5 times. M. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 10.

These two rows form pattern.

Work in pattern, inc. 1 st. each end 5th and every following 6th row, until work measures 11½ ins.

Then work for dart, by inc. 1 st. each end for next 4 rows.

Work 1 row without inc., then dec. 1 st. each end for next 4 rows, making a small triangle.

Continue usual inc. at sides until 172 sts. have been made.

Work for 14 ins. (1 in. longer than back).

TO SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of *every* row until 130 sts. are left.

Continue in pattern until work measures 16 ins. from beg., then divide for opening.

Work 65 sts. Put these sts. on a stitch-holder, and work across other sts.

Continue on this half until work measures 20 ins.

At neck edge cast off 16 sts. Work to end.

Then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 40 sts. remain.

Cast off 10 sts. at armhole edge 4 times.

Join wool to other half on wrong side and work in like manner.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles, cast on 86 sts. and work in st. st. for 2½ ins.

Then inc. on next and every following 4th rows until 110 sts. are on needle.

Continue in st. st. without inc. until work measures 8 ins (2½ ins. for turn-back cuff).

TO SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 80 sts., alternate rows till 68 sts. and every 3rd row till 48 sts.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

LAPEL FACINGS

With No. 10 needles, cast on 40 sts. and st. st. for 7 ins. (*Contd. on page 73*)

Photograph : Michael Williams

Glittering with Beads

THE abbreviations used throughout this pattern are : k.=knit ; p.=purl ; st.(s)=stitch(es) ; st. st.= stocking stitch ; rep.=repeat ; t.b.l.=through back of loop ; inc.=increase ; dec.=decrease ; p.2 b.=purl a st. passing 2 beads to the front of work. Please read the special notes carefully before commencing the bead pattern.

SPECIAL NOTES

Care must be taken when working the bead pattern that the beads are actually on the p. sts., and do not lie between the k. and p. sts. Insert the needle into the loop, bring 2 new beads to the place where the needles cross, and then pass them through the loop with the thumb simultaneously with the making of the stitch so that one bead hangs in front and one at the back of the needle. On the right side of work the st. containing the beads must always be knitted through the back, inserting the needle into the top of the loop between the 2 beads.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 13 needles, cast on 60 (64, 70) sts. Work 2¼ ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row.—K. 3 (1, 4), * k. twice into the next st.—that is, first into the front and then into the back—k. 3, rep. from * to the last 5 (3, 6) sts., k. twice into the next st., k. 4 (2, 5) 74 (80, 86) sts.

Break wool and thread on beads. Commence pattern :

1st row.—P. 1, * p. 3, k. 1, p. 2 b., k. 1, rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

2nd row.—K. 2, * k. 1 t.b.l., k. 5, rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—P.

4th row.—K.

5th row.—P.

6th row.—K.

7th row.—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 2 b., k. 1, p. 3, rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

8th row.—* k. 5, k. 1 t.b.l., rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

9th row.—P.

10th row.—K.

11th row.—P.

12th row.—K.

These 12 rows form the bead pattern.

Continue in pattern until work measures 7½ (7¾, 8) ins. from cast-on edge, ending at side edge.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE

Cast off 8 (10, 12) sts. at the beg. of the next row, and then dec. 1 st. on every alternate row at arm edge until there are 58 (61, 64) sts. left.

Work without further shaping until the armhole measures 6 (6¼, 6½) ins. from the beginning measured straight ending at centre-front edge. *(Continued on page 73)*

This evening bolero, by Erika Harrison, is designed for a 34, 36 and 38-in. bust, the instructions being given for the smaller size, with larger sizes in brackets thus : 34 (36, 38). It takes 4 (5, 5) ozs. Bairns-Wear Femina 2-ply wool, 1 pair each No. 11 and No. 13 needles, approx. ½ oz. bugle beads and 6 buttons. The tension is 8½ sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

At the top of the page is a photograph of the house as it is to-day, while the plan shows the extent of the original structure in black, with the conversion, designed by the architect, Captain F. W. Eddells

The story, in pictures, of the transformation of a wooden "shack" bungalow into a delightful country home

WHEN we first bought it, the bungalow was fit for little more than demolition. It was built mainly of matchboarding and plywood and looked rather like a cricket pavilion. There were three bedrooms, living-room and kitchen and a narrow stoop running the whole length of the hut, which provided somewhere to sit (in single file) but took most of the light from the windows, which were of various shapes and the size of port-holes.

In winter the place was as cold as a tomb, and when the sun shone in summer it beat pitilessly down on the tarred felt (almost flat) roof. There was a well for water, lamps and candles for lighting, an oil contraption for cooking and an earth closet for sanitation. As for garden, there was a bit of heather, but in those days not a bush or a tree.

This little more than shack underwent a transformation carried out in stages. At the first stage we added cesspool drainage, made a south bedroom into a bathroom, changed the kitchen and west bedroom round to facilitate plumbing.

It was then that we realised that the site was, to our minds, one of the loveliest in Sussex, and we decided to make this into a permanent home. An architect was called in to advise on major reconstructions—stage two.

To begin with, the bungalow had no foundations, and they had to be sunk. Then, as we insisted on raising the roof, a second one had to be added over the original one, which was rotted anyway. As the new roof was not strong enough to take the weight of tiles, Norfolk reed thatch made a practical and attractive alternative.

Outside walls of elm-boarding were added, the original windows changed for standard size, and the dining recess enlarged to take in the south bedroom.

At this stage, a building licence enabled us to add a wing of two bedrooms and bathroom. The east bedroom was given its entrance on to the new passage and the old bathroom became a cloakroom, just where it was needed.

The courtyard, marked " Open area " on the plan which was formed with the addition of the new wing, is now beautified with a tiny flood-lit pool, with fountain and banks of flowers, so that through open doors and windows one gets an intriguing view of this minute interior garden, glimpsed from the outside.

On a Site in Sussex

by

VERA DENIS-EARLE

The original fragile wooden structure was refaced with elm-boarding and given a new roof of Norfolk reed thatch. The additional wing containing two bedrooms and bathroom were built of brick and tile roofed. The original well becomes a decorative feature of the garden with the addition of a wrought-iron frame, a ship's pail and bright red geraniums

The spacious living-room and dining recess as it appears now, is in fact contrived from three rooms of the original house, with the removal of certain wooden partitions. Replacement of small windows with larger leaded panes served both aesthetic and practical purposes, as they improved the light and added a charm of their own

The enlarged dining recess was made by throwing the original dining unit and the south bedroom into one. A porch was added over the door which leads from the dining recess to the garden, and beside it the entrance to the east bedroom was blocked by an enormous mirror which happily produces a further illusion of spaciousness

The heath-like nature of the site did not hold much promise of a garden, but trees were successfully struck in large cavities filled with compost, and self-sown birches began to invade the site. A brick wall was built to keep them at bay and to enclose a very charming garden with lily pool and a paved terrace. Photographs by C. V. Francis

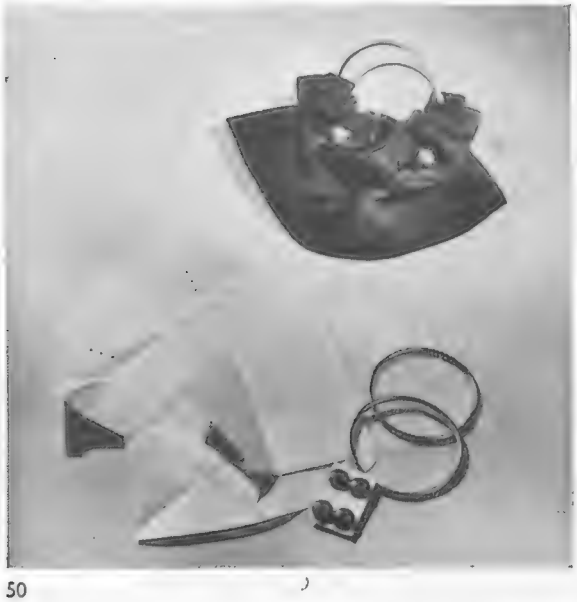
Margaret Sharp

Shopping For You

If you would like further details of Margaret Sharp's finds this month, please write to her, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, at Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

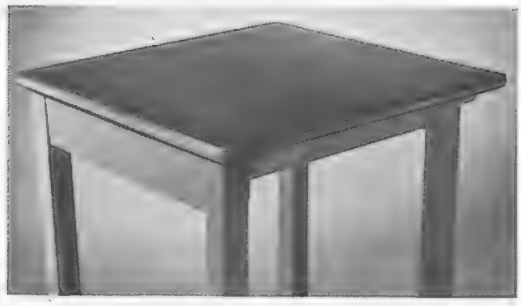
The "Wrist Rose" evening handbag, about 3½ in. across, is worn on the arm like a bracelet. It can also be made to order with other flower posies, by Fenwicks, 21s.

Reversible satin revers renovate a dress or suit, one side black, one side pastel. The rose changes with it, whatever side it is worn. Fenwicks, 21s. Bourne & Hollingsworth's Boutique specialize in matched accessories, hats, cravats and brolly covers. These (***extreme right***) are in a snakeskin silk print, from a wide selection of exclusive fabrics and designs



For house parties, a plastic and terry towelling bucket bag to hold bath togs, 25s., at Marshall & Snelgrove. Loofah bath mules, lined with terry towelling, 4s. 6d., from Selfridges. ***Extreme left*** is the La Ronde make-it-yourself handbag. Making-up is simple, the fittings give the professional touch. Pattern, handles, and fastenings complete, 5s. 11d. from John Lewis, of Oxford Street

Apples are one of our winter stand-bys for sweets. This book gives a hundred ways of cooking them, some old, some new, but all palatable and strictly practical. Miss Gertrude Mann makes us realize that apples, so plentiful in England and so good, often do not get the imaginative cooking they deserve. The *Apple Book* is published by Andre Deutsch at 6s.



This table has been re-surfaced with Warerite plastic panelling, excellent for renovating kitchen fitments as it is durable, burn and stain proof and works like ply wood. The panels, 24 in. by 18 in., in five colours, plus maple and walnut, 21s.

Those who are looking for embroidery designs more challenging than those of the lazy-daisy order should visit Harrods' Needlework Department. Harrods have brought the contemporary look into their designs to blend with modern schemes of décor. This cushion cover (*right*) carries a design called "Wild Flowers," by Arthur Fairweather, which is available as a transfer. Another enchanting design by the same designer, called "Tall Houses," has the sophisticated naïvety of a Christopher Wood painting. The new designs, though of a high artistic standard, are not intended only for the expert embroideress. Many of them can be worked with elementary embroidery skill. Besides the transfer patterns, there are also fabrics with patterns traced ready for stitching

Looking Forward To Christmas

AS Christmas approaches, thoughts turn to food and presents. Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Everett, of 7 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, will solve both seasonal problems. Their Christmas-packed country produce is a joy to the eye and a feast to the palate. The Christmas puddings from 6s. 6d., cakes from 12s. 6d., and mince-meat, jams, chutneys, from 2s. 6d. a pound are made to original Mrs. Beeton recipes, from ingredients fresh from a Kentish farm. The preserves may be had packed for presentation in decorated New Forest baskets, either singly or in twos or threes. Price 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. Giving a Christmas or cocktail party? They will also take many of the arduous catering chores off your hands and leave you free to enjoy your rôle of unfettered hostess

☆ ☆ ☆

GIFTS for overseas friends should be chosen early this month to be sent off well in time for Christmas. Francis Chichester, the map makers, has two good ideas. For the friends who have visited London, a pictorial map of London jigsaw puzzle, to remind them of their visit; for the prospective visitors, a pocket map and pictorial guide to London, to prepare them for theirs. The jigsaw is 3s. 6d., the leather-bound pocket map guide 10s. 6d.

☆ ☆ ☆

HANDKERCHIEFS travel well through the post and there are some gay ones to choose. A bright "cocktail" hankie embroidered with cigarettes, playing-cards and sherry glasses, 1s. 4d., a lovely rose print for 2s. 11d., and amusing "giraffe" hankie, exclusive for 6s. 11d. catch my fancy, among others

☆ ☆ ☆

THEN there are Christmas cards, and it is always wise to get them well ahead of the Christmas rush. The "mobile" has entered the Christmas card domain, and children of all ages are going to be fascinated by seasonal greetings with moving figures. They are to be had from 1s. 9d. Alternatively those who like a Christmas card to be somewhere between a piece of pasteboard and a present should look at the "Old Recipe" and "Old Map" series

☆ ☆ ☆

OF course there are always flowers, the most romantic of all gifts, and these days, distance is no impediment. What could be more welcome to a friend abroad than a dew-fresh bouquet delivered on Christmas Eve? Interflora has a flower telegraph service to every country, those behind the "Iron Curtain" only excepted. With two or three weeks' notice, your flowers will be delivered not only on the right day, but at the exact time you want. Take advantage of it to send only the loveliest personal presents to a friend somewhere in this country or in Timbuktu!

Need You Catch Cold?

The chances are that you need *not* suffer the annual winter scourge of red nose and streaming eyes

ABOUT one person in every two hundred in this country has never known the misery of a cold. The rest of the population can be pessimistic enough to expect three days of snuffling and sneezing before springtime returns once more. Coryza, the medical name for the common cold, deprives the nation of forty million working days, puts housewives and children out of joint for just as long, and is probably the most expensive routine ailment we have to face.

Catching an occasional cold is one thing. Being subjected to a series of them another. While medicine knows of no certain preventive or cure for the ordinary cold in its numerous varieties, it knows enough about the cause and effect to make it possible to avoid the majority of attacks. In fact, even the occasional cold can often be avoided, by taking suitable precautions for keeping the body temperature even.

Research has been handicapped because it is impossible to infect any animal except the chimpanzee with the human cold. Chimpanzees are both rare and expensive—and liable to succumb to the cold before much study has been carried out. As a result work has had to be with human guinea pigs. Thousands of people have since the war volunteered to spend ten days at the Harvard Hospital near Salisbury.

Living in pleasant little homes for two, comprising a living-room, kitchen, two bedrooms, a bathroom and the medical test room, the cold volunteers have included honeymoon couples, students looking for peace and quiet, and ordinary but unconventional holidaymakers.

A synthesis of their lives helps to indicate the battle orders for a personal anti-cold campaign. Less than half the guests of Harvard Hospital are actually given virus-containing nasal washes to sniff up their own noses. The others, without knowing it, get a sterile fluid so that they can be used as controls.

Only one in four of the average group actually catches a cold, which indicates that one person cannot infect another as easily as might be supposed. Every doctor *(Continued on page 65)*

By a Wimpole Street Doctor

Suddenly with Creme Puff your search is ended!

Never before a make-up so light . . . so lasting . . . so easy to apply. Instantly you become more beautiful.

What is Creme Puff?

An utterly new complete make-up in a compact! Max Factor has perfected a satin-smooth blending of creamy make-up base and powder. Creme Puff smooths on with a puff like powder . . . clings for hours and hours like cream . . . looks far softer, more flattering than either!

Creme Puff is smoother to apply, makes your skin look smoother . . . cannot streak, flake or go on unevenly. And it feels light, fresh, cool as soft spring air against your face.

All at once your skin looks lovelier, younger! **Creme Puff** contains a new base, developed by Max Factor, that *reflects* light . . . literally seems to erase tiny imperfections, lines, tired-looking shadows.

CREME PUFF colours are true complexion tones . . .
choose from these radiant shades:—
TRULY FAIR—for a light, pink-and-white skin.
TEMPTING TOUCH—for a creamy, ivory skin.
CANDLE GLOW—for a medium or ruddy skin.
GAY WHISPER—for an olive skin.
SUN FROLIC—for a suntanned or deep olive skin.

Carry CREME PUFF with you everywhere.
In BEAUTIFUL MIRROR COMPACT with luxury puff **7/9d.**
REFILL and luxury puff **4/11d.**
At all good Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Creme Puff

by MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD

The new blend of creamy make-up base and powder—applied with a puff.

CREME PUFF (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up.

Great stuff this Bass

RED TRIANGLE

Music! Lights! Gaiety! Men and women in their best
and at their best! It's a Bass occasion!
Admire the golden clarity of vintage beer carefully poured.
Taste the reviving tang of sun-ripened English hops.
Enjoy the stimulating strength of good malt. And remember
that for over a century Englishmen who could tell the best
from the next best have called for Bass Red Triangle.
It's a full-bodied naturally matured beer. Mind how you pour it.

ISSUED BY BASS, RATCLIFF & GRETTON LIMITED, BURTON-ON-TRENT

JANET DARBY talks about tasty and nourishing soups which will add variety to autumn menus

Soups for Surly Days

AUTUMN has its own delights. Chrysanthemums, snuggling one's chin deliciously into soft fur, leaves turned golden, wood-smoke, brisk walking in the cold, crisp air, and, not least of these, sitting down to a dish of good, thick, cockle-warming soup. No lightweights at this time of the year, for appetite needs no incentives. What we want is a foundation, stimulating in flavour and cram-full of goodness.

Most soups or purées are the better for being founded on stock, and beef bones, covered with cold water, brought slowly to boiling point and then simmered for as long as possible, will make excellent stock. You can use the resulting liquids for broths, or potages, or vegetable soups. But don't let the absence of stock deter you. Particularly in the case of vegetable soups, you can dispense with it, leaving the vegetables to state their own case in terms of flavour.

This quickly prepared VEGETABLE SOUP, for instance, needs no embellishment. Take one large carrot, one small turnip, two sticks of celery, one large onion, a little bacon fat or beef dripping. Dice the onion and fry gently in the melted fat until lightly browned. Add the shredded celery, the grated turnip and carrot, and two pints of cold water. Season with plenty of salt and a little pepper, bring to the boil, and simmer gently for half an hour. If you like it thicker, mix a rounded dessertspoon of cornflour into a smooth cream with a little milk, blend into the soup, stirring well, and top with a little chopped fresh parsley, if available. Cook for five minutes longer, and serve.

TOMATO SOUP is everybody's favourite, and here is a recipe requiring no stock :

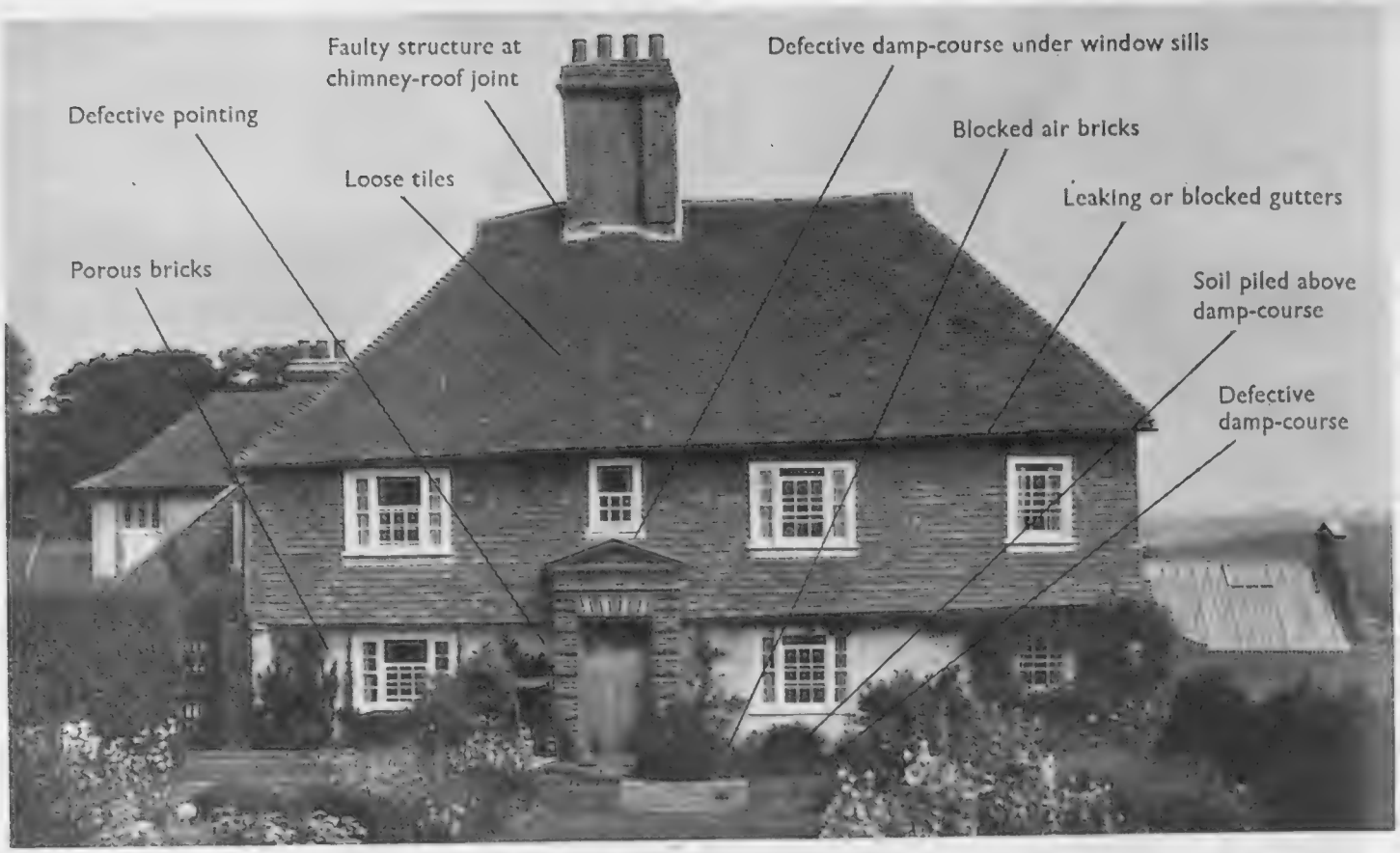
2 sticks celery
1½ lb. cooking tomatoes
1 medium onion
Small clove garlic (optional)
Salt and pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
Pinch bicarbonate
1 oz. margarine
½ pint water
1½ pints milk
1 tablespoon flour or cornflour

Put the sliced tomatoes and onion, the shredded celery, the crushed garlic into a saucepan, add the water, cover, and simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Rub the cooked mixture through a sieve. Melt the margarine, stir in the flour and cook till it bubbles slightly, then gradually stir in the milk and bring gently to the boil. After ten minutes, take the pan from the heat and allow to cool slightly. Stir the soda and sugar into the tomato mixture, and then mix this purée gradually into the thickened milk. Add salt and pepper to taste; return the soup to the heat, but on no account let the soup boil after the purée is added, or it may curdle. You can add a little cream if you like, of course !

Now this CELERY SOUP is very rich, and you can make it even more nourishing by adding small dumplings. For the soup you will need :

1 head celery
1 small shallot or onion
1 oz. ground rice
2 pints water or stock
2 yolks of eggs
2 oz. butter or margarine
Dumplings
Salt and pepper
½ pint milk

Wash the celery well and shred it. Slice the onion or shallot. Melt half the butter in a saucepan, put in the celery and onion and cook very slowly for ten minutes. Mix the ground rice smoothly with the water or stock, and add to the celery. Stir over medium heat until it boils, season with pepper and salt, and simmer for about three-quarters of an hour. Rub through a sieve and return to the pan to heat. When just about to boil, add the dumplings, made with two tablespoons flour, one tablespoon chopped suet, cold water to mix to a stiff paste. Roll into small balls and drop into the boiling soup. Cook for ten minutes longer, with the lid off the pan. Meantime, beat the yolks of eggs into the milk, mix gently into the soup, and stir over the heat, but do not allow to boil again. Served with hot toast this is substantial enough to form a light supper by itself. (*Continued on page* 66)



DAMP—*and how to tackle it*

Article by
CONSTANCE WALSH

There are practical remedies for damp, whether arising from structural weakness or more superficial cause.

A DAMP house is an unpleasant, dispiriting place to live in. Walls and ceiling become discoloured and water-marked; paint and wallpaper peel off; plaster sags and falls; and finally there comes the day when dry rot attacks the woodwork.

Only in newly built houses—which are always wet because so much water is used in their construction—is it safe to ignore signs of dampness. This initial moistness, however, soon dries out and does little damage—beyond ruining the decorations.

Even this inconvenience can be prevented, but as all methods interfere with the natural evaporation of the surplus water in the structure, they are not to be recommended. It is better to reconcile yourself to temporary decorations, and the prospect of having the entire house redone in eighteen months' time.

Once the house has got over its teething troubles, any trace of dampness should be viewed with alarm, unless it is obviously due to condensation. This bother is usually confined to steam-filled kitchens and bathrooms, but in cold, damp weather you may find walls in other parts of the house are wet.

In steam-filled rooms, condensation can be cured simply by opening a window and letting the humid air escape. If this fails to do the trick in a kitchen, it is as well to fit over the stove a hood connected to a flue in the outside wall. Steam from pots and pans is then trapped in the hood and shepherded out of the house.

Bathrooms do not steam up when cold water is run into the bath first, and only enough hot added to bring it to the desired temperature. In other parts of the house, where the trouble is not caused by steam, increase the heating. Warmed walls discourage condensation.

When this is not feasible, give the affected walls two coats of a good anti-condensation paint. These contain a high percentage of finely-powdered cork and, when brushed on, form a warm-to-the-touch skin which prevents the air from coming into contact with the cold wall. These paints, usually greyish in colour, can be glamorized with a final coat of ordinary paint.

Condensation can be concealed, but not cured, by plastic emulsion paints, which absorb the moisture—without becoming waterstained—and allow it to evaporate when the air becomes drier.

Infinitely more worrying than condensation is out-of-doors dampness which creeps into the house through any structural weakness it can find.

Moisture will seep right through a wall if the pointing is faulty; if there are gaps between brickwork and door or window frames; if water from a downpipe leaks on to the wall, or if the bricks are too porous.

Whenever possible, troubles of this sort should be treated and cured at source—that is, on the outside of the house. Have the wall repointed, seal gaps with mastic filling, replace the faulty pipe or put some form of weather-proofing over the absorbent bricks.

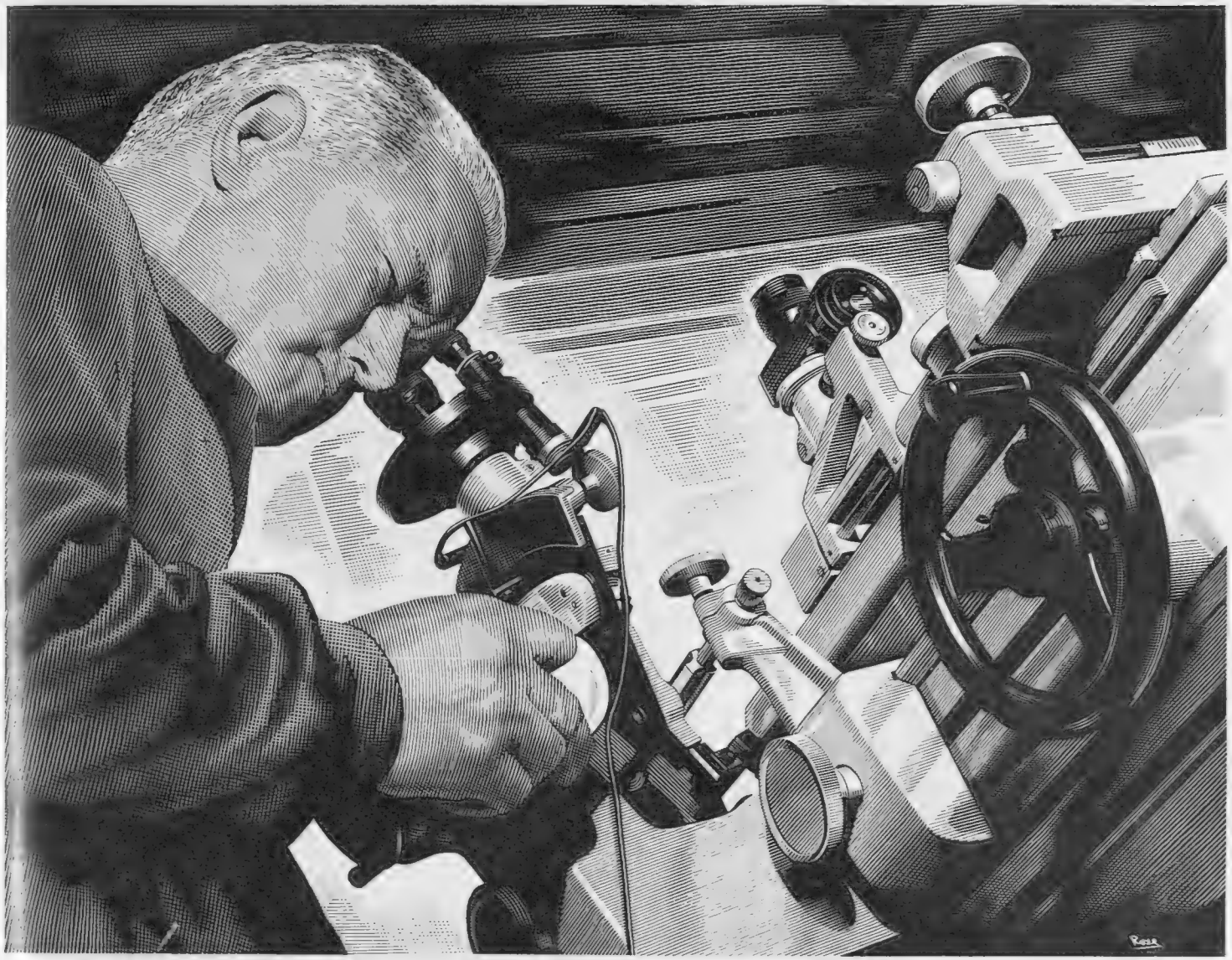
OF the many different weather-proofings now available, experts consider that hanging the walls with tiles or slates to be the most satisfactory and lasting. Rain runs harmlessly off them, and there is enough air behind them to allow any moisture which has crept into the wall from other sources to evaporate normally in dry weather.

A permanent coating of pebbledash, roughcast or some slightly porous cement will also protect a wall from most of the weather without sealing it. Dense, completely watertight cement is not suitable for this purpose. It tends to crack and the rain pours eagerly into the walls through these ready-made channels. Once in, the water must remain trapped in the wall or escape through its indoor surface.

Coloured stone or cement paints look decorative and, at the same time, keep the rain out efficiently, but as with other paints, they have to be renewed periodically.

The drawback to any of these remedies is that although only one, or a part of one, wall is defective, the whole house has to be treated to prevent it (*Continued on page 62*)

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



This man is always moving

He's the son of the son of the son of a Swiss watchmaker. He has made good Swiss watches for thirty years. But the watches he made even ten years ago were very different from the watches he makes now. Swiss watchmaking keeps moving; and he with it.

He has the world's most up-to-date equipment. Many of his watches wind themselves. Many can go into the sea and come out unharmed. Many can bump against a doorhandle without losing a second. And every one of these advances was pioneered or perfected by the Swiss.

So even though you've had a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch for years, *you can have a still better one now.*

But get it at a qualified jeweller's—for when you choose skilled workmanship you need skilled advice. The jeweller alone can give you full choice from the latest good Swiss jewelled-lever watches. He alone can help you to choose wisely. He alone can keep your good watch in good order all its long life.

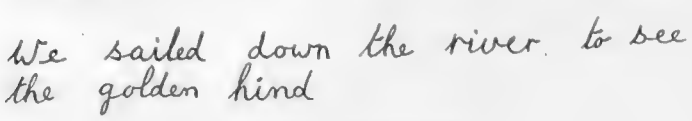
Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

His Character Is In His Own Hand (*Continued from page 31*)

write in block letters, as they feel they can express their thoughts easier. Charles may find difficulty sometimes in sustaining his efforts, as there is an indication that he is prone to "take the line of least resistance."

He should be encouraged to use his hands in the creative sense, particularly in arts and crafts and in learning to draw. Many writers who possess artistic qualifications have a tendency to write partly in script and partly in semi-block lettering. It is interesting to note the "curves" and the "sway" (see letter "N") even in this print writing.



Jonathan – aged 8 years

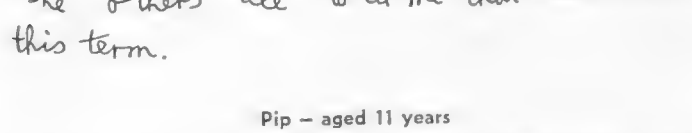
Jonathan possesses a curious and inquiring mind and likes to get down to the root and the facts of things. His mind is analytical, and he would show an interest in chemistry and science (which should be recognized from a career point of view) and is, in some respects, inventive. His general liking is for the smaller handwriting, which he will eventually adopt, and the writing may become "square" writing at an adult stage. This trend is suggestive of the inventive personality.

He is a little impulsive on occasions, and perhaps a little more attention could be given to details. Tidy in degrees, but with lapses (note the misjudging of the spacing in the words "Golden Hind"). His mind runs rapidly (note the "t" bar away from the up stroke) which is probably due to eagerness. For his age the writer possesses a sense of manliness and would be fond of outdoor life and sports.

Susan – aged 6 years

Susan, for her age, gives remarkable care and thought to her activities and is conscientious in her endeavours. There is very little movement in this handwriting, which makes it comparable to stationary writing. Each individual letter is well formed—a good effort for a child of six—which would indicate care and thought and willingness. With a very willing nature, showing a desire to please, she possesses good powers of concentration and a retentive memory (it is interesting to note the consistency and regularity of the writing).

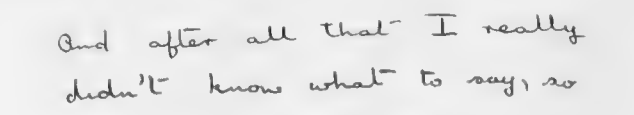
Susan pays attention to detail; she is able to exercise patience; she would acquire the ability to impart knowledge and the gift for teaching may manifest itself when she is older. Observe the rather large "a's" and "o's" and the high rounded lettering, all clues to the analysis. She has not forgotten the full stops. Note the close formation of the "t" bar stroke, which proves good powers of concentration, and the general trend of the writing, which is well balanced. This young writer also possesses artistic tendencies and would be fond of music. Her intelligence is above average for her age.



Pip – aged 11 years

This writer possesses a restless nature and is a little inclined to rush through life (the ending loops of "g" and "e" give the clue to the speed). Note how each individual "t" is crossed exactly the same (he will concentrate on matters that appeal). But he does not lack intelligence. The letters are fairly even in height, and the style, formation and layout of the writing is indicative of intelligence.

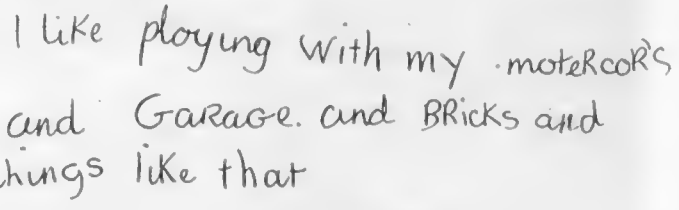
There is a certain amount of inhibition discernible in the writing—portrayed by the "looseness" of the writing, and he should be encouraged to use his initiative as much as possible. He should eventually become a brain worker, and should develop a good head for figures. He could always be the leader rather than the follower; he would prefer to give orders rather than to take them. Certain games of concentration would prove beneficial, such as chess, crossword puzzles and the solving of problems. He has a love of outdoor life, and is fond of sports.



Linda – aged 14 years

The predominating indication in Linda's writing is a love of literary matters. It is interesting to note the formation of the capital "I," a characteristic generally found in literary and journalistic writers. Her general knowledge is good, and her school reports should prove satisfactory. The small but legible writing conveys the studious disposition. Linda should be successful in a literary career, and possibly languages.

She possesses a dependable and reliable nature. The high "t" strokes (in "that" and "to") are indicative of high ideals and aspirations. In many circumstances, she would possess "an old head on young shoulders." She has a popular personality and is a good mixer, but there is, however, a tendency for her to keep her troubles and worries to herself.



Simon – aged 6 years

Self-confidence and self-assurance are characteristics discernible in this boy's handwriting and there is also a sense of individuality. He likes to reason things out for himself. The writing expresses an independent, self-reliant nature (but perhaps needing sympathy, encouragement and understanding). He may suffer occasionally with slight periods of depression (note the sway and droop of the writing) and companionship would benefit him. The writing has a tendency to droop, and the downward and swaying movement of the whole lettering indicates a temperamental nature. He may possibly be an only son.

Mechanical or possibly technical engineering would be a possible career for this child to follow when older. Writers who are mechanically inclined, and would show adaptability with tools, invariably adopt a tendency to end up their letters in angular or elongated points. Note the graceful formation of the "G's" and the formation of the "t" bar stroke, formed half-way up the up-stroke which gives a guiding clue to his qualifications.

END

Operation Elephant! (*Continued from page 13*)

it is surprising, sometimes, to observe the success that attends their efforts.

I recall one amusing case which I watched not long ago at Whipsnade, the Zoo's "country branch" down in Bedfordshire. Here, a baby chimpanzee was on the sick-list with a cold, for which the remedy prescribed was a daily dose of aspirin and some other bitter-tasting drug. But to expect the infant ape—still, at the time, being nursed by his mother—to accept this physic voluntarily, was too much. So again guile was brought into play. The doctors achieved their aim by a very simple artifice. They mixed the medicine, in powder form, with a little honey (a delicacy for which the young chimp had already shown a pronounced weakness) and they then smeared the resulting "ointment" on and around the baby's lips. That was all that was needed. The drugs were taken along with the honey, and a complete cure of the patient resulted.

Naturally, "doses" at the Zoo are carefully worked out to suit the patient concerned. Obviously a large and powerful animal requires a greater volume of medicine than one a tenth of its size. In the case of an elephant, indeed, the dose may be prodigious. Take Rusty, for example, the twelve-year-old, two-ton riding elephant who every fine summer afternoon carries innumerable excited young visitors on her back. Recently Rusty hurt her foot and blood-poisoning set in. For this trouble the doctors prescribed the antibiotic drug, chloromycetin. A child's dose of this drug is about a teaspoonful. But that ordered for Rusty was—*a gallon*!

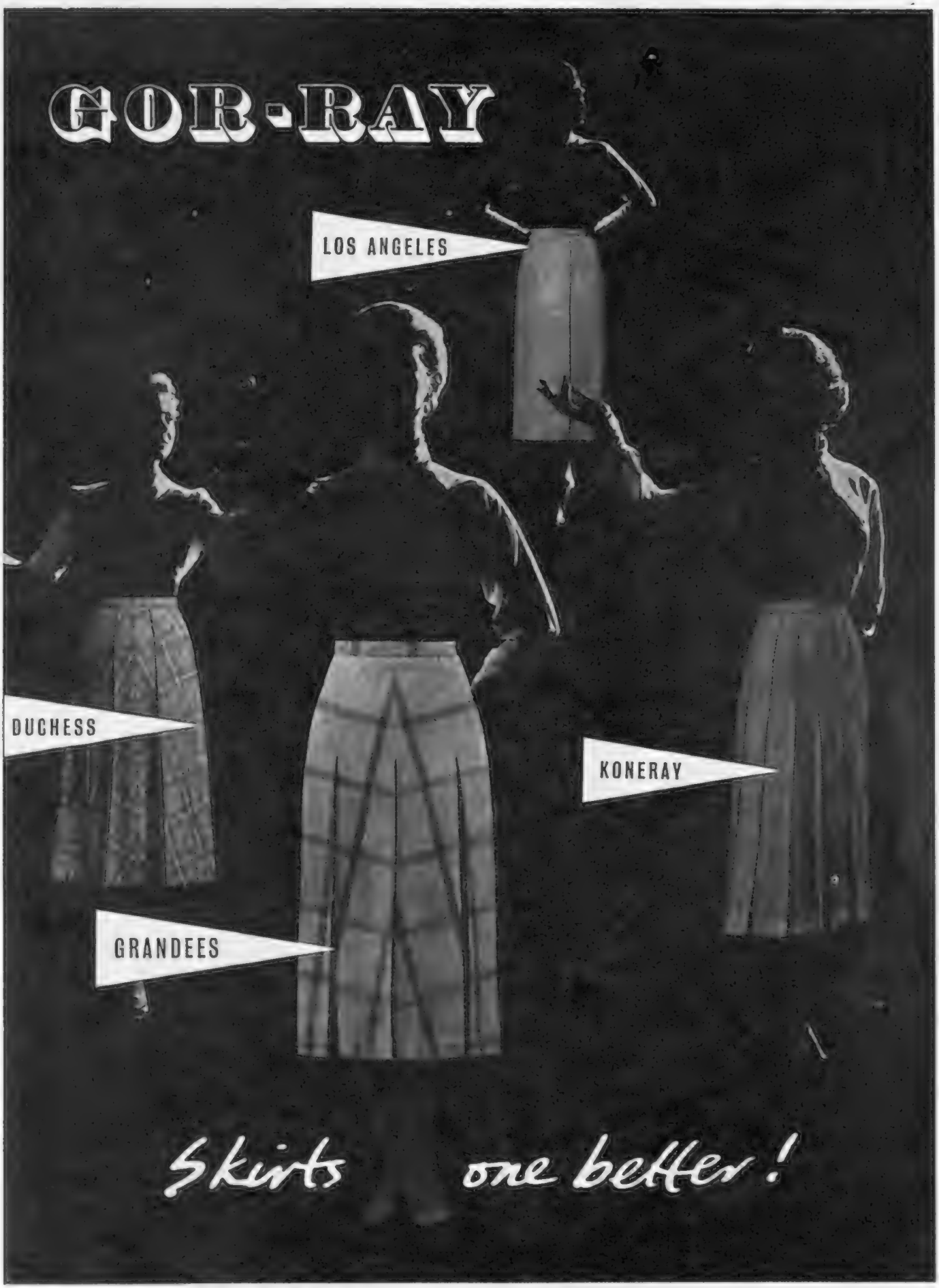
Elephants are seldom co-operative when unwell, and without their goodwill, getting a gallon of bitter physic inside such a patient is a challenge to human ingenuity. But in this case, Rusty "took her medicine" because the doctors made up a pleasant-tasting preparation containing the drug and mixed it cleverly with a biscuit mash. A few days later Rusty, fully recovered, was back on duty.

Experience shows that some animals in the menagerie have remarkably "tough" interiors—at any rate where medicines are concerned.

George, an African civet cat, got run-down, so a "pick-me-up" was prescribed for him. And, as usual, the keeper placed the dose in the civet's drinking-trough.

One day, however, when the man's back was turned, George, who is quite as inquisitive as any domestic cat, discovered the bottle and knocked it over, spilling the contents. He then "tested" the liquid neat. He found that he liked it so much that, before the keeper could stop him, he had "scoffed the lot." On being informed of the tragedy, the doctors, not unnaturally, feared the worst, for they knew that the contents of that phial, taken undiluted, were enough to kill any ordinary animal. But George not only survived but—more amazing still—apparently suffered no ill-effects. That civet-cat, one imagines, will go down in Zoo history as the animal with the toughest inside on record!

END



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The Promise (*Continued from page 19*)

the least being able to forecast them.

Suddenly he was unable to resist the agitation in his legs and he began to walk up and down; short, nervous turns about a yard or two of carpet.

Twice he stopped, facing Madeleine. But he could not speak. She seemed to taunt him. Her eyes defied him. So he could only gulp, and pace again.

But at the third attempt he succeeded. Words came abruptly.

"My business is with you, ma'am. It is a matter of a promise I made your father in Calcutta, before we met the Frenchmen."

He paused, and paced again. She neither invited him to proceed nor forbade him. Her eyes pierced him, darting scorn.

"He was concerned for your future, ma'am. He feared that if anything should happen to him you would lack a sheet anchor—his own words, ma'am. He suggested—unhappily as I now believe—that *I* might provide such an anchor."

She started at that. She stared *at* him now, not through him, as though incredulous. He rushed on with his explanation.

"I took it lightly. He was depressed. I was trying to reassure him. Therefore I promised. I gave my word as a man of honour, never thinking that I might be called upon to fulfil it. In short, ma'am, I promised that if ever I returned home, and he did not, I would make you an offer of marriage."

It was said. He waited, breathless, for the reaction; but there was none. Only a stricken silence. Lydia sitting upright, white, statuesque. Madeleine—a frozen flame.

He paced furiously, and talked as he paced.

"It was his mood, ma'am—you understand? Fear of the future. The uncertainties of the voyage—and of war. Seamen are apt to such moods; and as we grow older——"

He stopped. He could scarcely comprehend what had happened. Yet—she barred his path like a flaming torch, her hand still raised, and there was a stinging pain in his cheek. She had—it was unbelievable, but true—she had slapped his face.

HER words were hardly more comprehensible. "Oh, how *dare* you insult me so? I think you must be *mad*! I tell you, I would not marry you if you were the *last* man. I tell you, I would rather *die* than be married to a *coward*!"

He groped blindly. His mind was overwhelmed and even his eyes seemed blurred. She was the flash and roar of a gun, dazing him; but the shot had already stunned him.

He gasped, choking, "By Heavens, ma'am, if you mean it was an act of cowardice to come here today——"

"I do not!" she raged. "Have you no shame? No sense of duty? No—no manliness? Do you need a woman to tell you what is cowardly and what is not? Then I tell you now, Captain Darnstaple, it was an act of cowardice to desert my father. To escape under cover of darkness, forsooth!"

Captain Darnstaple lost his temper. Quite suddenly he saw that he had been too generous to her. She was still a child—had the mind of a child—and was abominably spoilt.

He stood with his legs apart—firmly planted now—while he barked at her.

"And I tell you *this*, ma'am! You are an ignorant, impertinent child. I say, ma'am, that your father failed in *his* duty in one respect—he did not whip you enough. And I make another promise, ma'am. I promise that if you accept my offer, by Heaven I will supply the deficiency and whip you every day till you learn sense!"

She had recoiled from him in horror, and he laughed. She had fled to the protection of her aunt, and he paced—or rather strutted—again.

But as he cooled he also saw how Lydia was no longer statuesque. There was colour in her cheeks. She leaned forward, speaking eagerly.

"I understand! Oh, I have been a fool! When you spoke of your own safety——"

He said stiffly, "I referred to the safety of my ship, ma'am. A figure of speech. A conceit, if you wish——"

"Of course! It is the common way—and your duty was to your ship——"

Madeleine attacked again, hotly. "No! You are too kind to him, Lydie. My father had the same excuse, but *he* chose to fight."

The captain swung to demolish her. "Because he could not escape, ma'am! He was attacked. I was not. His choice was between fighting and surrender; mine between attempting to escape and surrender. One does not *choose* to fight with a merchant ship carrying cargo worth a hundred thousand in sterling—not to speak of passengers, women and children among them."

SHE was game. He would give her credit for that. She attacked still, but her fire was weakening.

"But you also had guns. If you had gone to my father's assistance—the two of you together——"

"Guns!" he snorted. "A few eighteen-pounders. And the Terreur a ship-of-the-line with a frigate to come to her assistance if need be. And the men to do the fighting, ma'am—what of the men? We had a hundred apiece including servants and Hindoos. The Terreur held eight hundred and the frigate more than half that number. I tell you, ma'am, your father achieved a miracle in holding the Terreur for so long. For me to have gone in would have been suicide for both of us. It would merely have released the frigate to join the action and we should both have been taken. Besides, ma'am, would you have me disobey orders?"

She was sinking, but with her colours flying.

"Orders? I—I do not understand. You were in command——"

"Orders, ma'am, in the first instance from my employers—not to endanger my ship or her cargo. In the second instance, and immediately, from my commodore."

Now even her colours were shot through and in tatters. She could only breathe faintly, "You mean—my father——"

He could afford to pity her. But such ignorance, in her father's daughter, was inexcusable.

"Ma'am, when East India ships sail in company the senior commander is appointed commodore. Your father hailed me as I went through his lee after the Terreur had engaged him from the windward. He instructed me that he was to hold the line-ship as long as he could, and ordered me to play the frigate and do my utmost to avoid her."

She was silenced. She bowed her head—covered her face with her hands. And now Lydia, while extending a comforting hand to her niece, returned to the action on the captain's own side.

"And then—you did avoid her, Captain Darnstaple?"

He was happy now. He was a schoolboy relating a prank; not boasting, but chuckling at the memory.

"I said *played*, Miss Conway. I played him all day as you would a salmon. When he tacked to come at me, I ran. When he ran to head me off, I tacked. Capital sport, ma'am, and it lasted till after sunset."

"But then, when darkness came you slipped past him?"

"WHY, not slipped. *Slipped* is hardly the word. There was a moon, d'ye see, ma'am, so that it was not dark enough for *slipping*. No ma'am, I escaped by doing what he least expected. When he could no longer see exactly what I was about I clapped on all sail and ran straight down on him. I aimed my guns high and let him have one broadside—before he was well awake to it. And—we were fortunate, ma'am.

"Our shots brought down his main topmast and his mizzen as well as cutting his rigging about shamefully. Crippled him, d'ye see, ma'am. Put him out of the chase before it had begun. Then we ran for Madras with no more damage than our stern windows shattered. The element of surprise, ma'am—invaluable in war as it is in *love*."

The word died on his lips. Whence had it come? What inner demon of mischief had suggested it to him? What appalling misconstruction might not be placed upon it?

Madeleine's behaviour confirmed his worst fears. There could be no other reason for it. For she had withdrawn sharply from her aunt; had stood up; and—had turned her back to him.

Then Lydia, almost as abruptly; she also rose, crossed quickly to the window, stood there with the sunlight making a golden mist of her hair; and her back, too, was towards him.

So he stood between them—lost, forsaken, bewildered. He had been the victor, they the victims. But in the moment of victory they had adopted fresh tactics and turned the battle against him. Now he was the victim.

Madeleine, flying new colours, sniped at him from over her shoulder—softly, alluringly.

"Captain Darnstaple, I—apologize. I—think I have misjudged you."

He grunted; but would not otherwise reply. There was something behind her voice. It was not the simple apology it seemed. But the engagement must be decided.

"Ma'am, I made you an offer. I await your answer."

Swiftly Lydia joined the attack.

"Captain—you spoke of some other business. Something—equally *unpleasant*. I pray you, is it secret?"

He brushed it aside for the delaying action it certainly was.

"No secret, ma'am. The Court of Directors intend to present me with a service of plate or some such nonsense for saving my ship and cargo. For doing my plain duty, in fact. I am to tell them to give the money instead to the dependents of the people killed in your brother's ship. The directors will not like it, ma'am. That is all."

Silence. It baffled him. He was becalmed and disarmed in the midst of the battle.

He tried again, exasperated. "Your answer ma'am, I beg you!"

MADELEINE half turned. It was something; but he could not see her eyes and her voice was suspiciously high.

"Captain Darnstaple, I thank you. Indeed, I sympathize with you, too. Such a very unhappy promise! But there was a second promise, Captain. One you made to me. Before I decide I must ask if you mean to fulfil that also, as—as a man of honour."

A little fluttering sigh from the window. It might have been the breeze stirring the curtains.

Suddenly his legs were for running away again. He even measured the distance to the door. But he resisted and protested hoarsely, "Ma'am, you are laughing at me! By Heaven——"

She turned full face—and she was laughing. She held out her hands to him, appealing.

"But Captain, I need it! I assure you, I need a whipping so much more than a sheet anchor. And—and you said *every* day, did you not? Besides, there is someone else who needs an anchor a great deal more than I. Look to the window, Captain Darnstaple!"

He dared not look towards the window. He heard, or imagined, a little dismayed wail from that direction—"Madeleine!"

But the girl's hands were on his arms. She was turning him about.

"No, Captain. I will not have you; neither your whippings nor your anchor. Come out of your misery, sir, and take poor Lydie out of hers—for she has been pining away these two years, I declare! Go to the window, Captain Darnstaple. Cast your anchor there. Oh—*go to the window, you foolish man*!"

He was moving, but not of his own volition. His legs had deserted him utterly. They did not exist. Nothing existed—save a mist of golden hair, like a sunrise, awaiting him.

END

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Speaking Beauties (*Continued from page 37*)

canary seed being their staple diet, which should be supplemented by fresh clean greens such as shepherd's purse, chickweed, lettuce, cabbage and such easily-come-by vegetables. Sometimes they will demolish a small carrot —top and all. Simple though their diet is, the food must be of the best, and there are no substitutes for millet and canary seed.

During the last war when there were no imports of the proper foodstuffs, budgerigars died off in thousands, and almost as many perished as a result of gunfire and bomb-shock. They are hardy birds and can put up with adverse conditions as well as most, but nervous and physical shock are as dangerous to them as to ourselves.

Kept from draughts, and preferably not in a window, they seem easily to maintain their health. Direct sunlight is good for them, of course, but filtered through glass it loses its qualities and becomes an embarrassment. They can be kept out of doors permanently, but protection must be provided against really icy blasts.

Although sensitive, as indeed we all are, to sudden changes of temperature, they can cheerfully put up with considerable variation if it occurs gradually. They revel in warm fresh air but react unfavourably to warm vitiated air, and their cages should not be covered with a cloth at night or at any other time, either to make them shut their eyes or their mouths, because this makes an oven of the cage and brings about a succession of false moults.

A young bird of two to three months is the best investment. At that stage it is more easily trained to come to the finger and to begin to talk. The cere—that lump at the top or root of the beak—is in the cock always blue, no matter what the rest of its coloration, and in the hen is a buff-brown.

Most people wanting a pet budgerigar because of its talking proclivities will insist on a cock bird. Well, hens talk, too. I must not say that it would be surprising if they didn't, but it is all poppycock to affirm that only cock birds talk. If more cocks *do* talk it is because it has been erroneously assumed that it is not worth while to attempt to teach the hen.

Any single bird can be taught to talk, but it must have lessons given with patience. First of all there should be repetitions of a simple word of two syllables and so on to quite lengthy sentences. I knew of a budgerigar who would deliver himself of a long gabble of unintelligible gibberish and then, with incisive clarity, pipe, "Noël Coward writes all my stuff."

They will only say what you teach them to say: they are mimics, not creative artists. But they do seem to have an uncanny knack of saying something apposite at certain times, and they are really funny when they forget some of their lines and introduce an entirely unconnected piece of their repertoire. Frequently they show an engaging indifference to syntax. . . . "My name is clever Bismarck fellow clever name is."

After all one mustn't expect too much; they can't read their speeches.

PERHAPS an even more captivating facet of his personality than his gift of speech is the budgerigar's tireless acrobatics. He is a great creeper and climber, and should be afforded means of exercising his talents. Tiny ladders can be provided for this purpose, and he will spend countless hours climbing up and down with that kind of bad-tempered, purposeful gait that characterizes all his perambulations. He really does walk like a slightly rheumaticky but vigorous goblin.

He should be allowed out of his cage quite frequently, but not when there is a fire burning nor even when an empty fireplace is left unscreened. He can get himself into serious trouble in flower vases, for he loves a bath and might easily find himself literally in too deep water.

I have known one that took a bath in a glass of Burgundy and a sorry bird he was. Stained with the evidence of his debauchery he made his cage in a series of erratic glides, fell off his perch and slept like a figure in a Hogarth engraving.

If he should escape through an open door or window you will be very lucky to get him back. He might be able to return of his own accord but only one in hundreds is able to return home.

There are, however, some specially bred and trained birds which are allowed to wander the countryside and which return in the evening like homing pigeons.

This is the result of careful breeding and infinite patience, and you may be sure that yours will not boomerang for you. An escaped bird usually means a lost one.

I had one (I say "had" because of an accident; see reference above to cats) that used his cage only as a dormitory. I am afraid that he had too much freedom, but it was a great temptation to let him live loose; he was a comic.

That was the day when Miss Harrison came to tea. The bird's favourite toy was a box of safety matches. He could just about carry it, while he was airborne, for a few seconds. On Miss Harrison's day he excelled himself and dive-bombed the old lady, dropping the box of matches with a horrifying smack into her cup of tea which was nicely poised on a grey silk lap. Tea splashed in all directions, Miss Harrison shrieked, and the cat, whose presence had been hitherto unsuspected, joined in the fracas.

No Margot Fonteyn at the best of times, she leaped from a "somnolent posture" on to an empty tea tray resting on a small table, contriving a magnificent Cresta run across the floor which ended with an agonizing crack against the wall.

Miss Harrison was wiping tea off her dress and tea and tears out of her eyes whilst the completely satisfied cause of it all was chattering with demoniac fury from the top of a mirror.

Yes, budgerigars are fun.

END

Damp—And How To Tackle It (*Continued from page 56*)

looking oddly patchy. A more economical course when only part of the house is affected is to give the porous patch a coat of colourless liquid waterproofing, which without changing their appearance, seeps into the bricks, making them as hard and as impenetrable as glass. These water-proofers have to be renewed from time to time, but providing you use a good make and the surface of the wall is very absorbent, you can be sure of several years' protection.

Although penetrating damp can be hidden, it cannot be cured by treating the indoor surface of the wall. The unseen moisture is still there, and if prevented from evaporating through the treated wall, it may spread to adjoining walls or even to wood floors, bringing with it the threat of dry rot.

Nevertheless, it is cheaper and handier to treat walls from the inside of the house. Before decorating them you can use a liquid waterproofer on them; or line them with pitch paper, unless they are so wet the paper cannot cling to them. Decorative cement paint is another alternative, or you can brush the wall with a bituminous preparation, such as Synthaprufe, to give it a rubbery, completely watertight skin, which afterwards can be papered or distempered, but not painted

On the other hand, if you are looking for a permanent cure for the trouble, you can have the wall surfaced with a moisture-resisting cement, such as those used to keep damp out of basement rooms. But the best method of all is to build a new facing of wallboard or plywood for the wall and leave a good air space behind it. Use damp-proof battens and plugs to secure the new surface to the wall.

If possible, have air bricks let into the wall to improve the ventilation in the cavity, so that the wall will have some chance of drying out in good weather. This is technically known as "battening out."

So much for the penetration of walls by rain. Now comes the thornier question of rising damp. Moisture in the ground is bound to seep into the concrete foundations of a house and then percolate upwards into the walls, both interior and exterior, which stand on the foundations—unless, of course, its progress is halted by a damp course.

A damp-proof course is just a strip of completely waterproof material which is inserted horizontally in all walls about six inches above ground level. Until this barrier is broken or bridged accidentally, no moisture can pass through it into the upper part of the walls.

Rising damp is easily recognized because it first appears at skirting level in ground-floor rooms. As soon as you spot it examine the level of the earth outside the house. A bank of damp soil, piled up during gardening operations, may be resting against the wall above the protective damp course. Scrape the earth away and expose as much of the wall below the damp course as you can, and the trouble will soon right itself.

When piled-up soil cannot be blamed for rising damp, call in the builder to repair the damp-proof course. It is the only cure. If the course is beyond repair, you will have to fall back on the expedient of keeping the water from showing on indoor wall surfaces. Any of the suggestions already made can be used. Keep the house well aired and heated.

Ground floors of solid concrete laid direct on earth must have a horizontal damp course, which should meet and overlap the damp courses in the walls. Any gap between them is a source of trouble.

GOOD ventilation keeps suspended timber floors dry. The floor-boards are laid across well-spaced-out joists which are raised off the concrete foundation of the house by low brick pillars, each with its own damp course. This leaves plenty of under-floor space and air enters it through airbricks let into the outside walls below the damp course. These bricks should be placed to provide a continuous through draught under the entire ground floor of the house. Never allow them to become choked with garden soil or anything else.

Rain soon finds its way into a house through a leaky roof, but missing slates and tiles are easy to spot and replace.

Overhanging roofs with eaves are not likely to damage walls with rainwater, unless their gutterings become stopped up and overflow.

Rain may seep down chimney stacks below roof level unless the top horizontal surface is waterproofed and the junction where roof and stack meet is covered with a suitable flashing.

Where there is no damp-proof course immediately below a stone or cement window sill there is always the chance that rain will soak through it and lodge in the wall below. The best safeguard is to give the sill a coating of liquid waterproofing.

Finally there is the vexed question of whether or not creepers and climbing trees on walls foster dampness. Experts cannot agree on the matter, but it seems that shrubs which shed their leaves in autumn do little damage. Evergreens do both good and harm. While they shelter the wall from some rain, once moisture gets into it they slow up the drying-out process. Probably the answer is that on a really sound wall evergreens cause little trouble.

END

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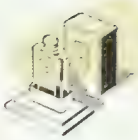

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Need You Catch Cold?

(Continued from page 52)

knows this to be true, for in the winter he comes into contact with severe colds every day, but he does not suffer from colds as often as the lay public.

It is probable that conditions have to be right for the cold virus to thrive—which means, from the owner's standpoint, physical conditions are wrong. The Harvard research workers have found that a handkerchief used for thirty seconds by a cold sufferer releases 15,000 microbe-carrying particles into the air, a sneeze ejects 100,000 particles for several yards, and the gasp of air when clearing the throat sends out 500. These particles can all carry the cold virus, so that bravado about "not being afraid of colds" on the part of a fit person, or the mock heroics of the sufferer ("I must carry on") are just foolishness.

We cannot be certain why one person will catch a cold when he inhales the infected particles of moisture from a sufferer while another will go scot free. The latest theory is that you do not really catch cold. It happens. Abrupt changes up or down of temperature are too much for the body to cope with, and the cold germs, always present to some extent, simply thrive as a result.

It is therefore essential to keep the body at normal temperature. This is achieved far more efficiently by clothing than by external heating. Both men and women lose common sense when they tackle life in the winter. Men pile on heavy external coats, mufflers and cardigans over unsuitable underwear. Women shiver as the slaves of fashion and try to build up warmth by sitting in overheated rooms and crouching over the fire.

REMEMBER that your body is capable of dealing with variations of temperature so long as the changes are not too abrupt. In modern life we inevitably move from warm offices to cold streets, from cosy beds to chilly kitchens. The only possible way to reduce the impact of these violent temperature changes on the skin surface is to provide an isolated pocket of air between skin and air.

This would be fairly easy if we could safely seal ourselves rather like the principle of a vacuum flask. Finely woven material in synthetic yarns gets near to this, but the result is a cold dampness on the skin. Two or three pints of perspiration are exuded every day and must either evaporate or be soaked up. So a compromise between the impenetrable fabric and the heavy, absorbent flannel of our great-grandparents must be found. Here we can take a leaf out of the book of experience of the Mount Everest climbers and the United Nations troops who have wintered in Korea. The string vest, with its innumerable holes, gives perfect insulation.

They are now available for men, and women can buy or make something quite dainty loosely knitted in wool. And if the ladies don't like the idea, let them ponder on the fact that glamour will disappear far more completely when they are red-nosed and bleary-eyed with the winter's fourth cold, than it will if they remain healthy in rather homely underwear.

It should be remembered that the body is the part which must be kept warm. Long tests have shown that the favourite beliefs that wet feet, sitting in draughts, going about without a hat, and so on, will produce colds, are erroneous. At Harvard, men and women of all ages have tried walking in the rain, standing in draughts after hot baths, tramping through mud and slush in flimsy footwear—and they have remained obstinately well.

When your cold comes, what can be done about it? A few vaccines have been prepared. They are designed to deal with a particular type of cold. One, which causes the thick sinusitis type of catarrhal cold, has been classified as MR-1. For all medical science knows, other cold viruses still to be isolated will increase the list right through the alphabet. The chances of finding a universal vaccine for the galaxy of coryza types are rather remote. Last September, after seven years' work, the Harvard research workers managed to grow a cold virus in tissue cultures of the human embryonic lung. The virus is indescribably small. No ordinary microscope is of any use; possibly the electron microscope will be able to watch the growth of the virus and its reaction to measures to destroy it. But inevitably it will be a long time before vaccines for general use are available.

Aspirins or any other temperature reducing drugs are useful provided you keep in the warm. It is futile to regard aspirins as a dope so that you can carry on as usual. They are something to take while lying in bed, not sitting in an office or walking about the streets.

Vitamin C is a valuable ally in fighting the physical effects of a cold. There is plenty of it in milk, and pleasant drinks are available which contain this vital blood-purifying aid: orange juice, blackcurrant purée, rose hip syrup.

Nasal sprays, gargles and tablets help to ease soreness and stuffiness. They cannot do much about the infection because they do not reach the source of the trouble.

It is just as effective to keep the nasal passages clear by frequent nose blowing, but be certain to use paper handkerchiefs which can be burned as soon as possible after you have used them. Keep the mouth moist with lozenges or barley sugar. Above all keep on drinking all the fluids you can persuade the fit members of your family to bring you.

I AM not one of those who think that too much fuss can be made of a cold. The more fuss in the first few hours, the less real worry later. Rest in bed from the first signs, warmth for the body but plenty of fresh air for the lungs, good food and plenty to drink are surely worthwhile measures to avoid the possible results of a neglected cold: bronchitis or pneumonia.

A cold is not, in normal circumstances, likely to turn into influenza. I find that many of my patients refer to an "influenza cold" or an attack of "two-day 'flu." Influenza is an entirely different disease from the common cold. There are two types, known as A and B, which cause the serious epidemics of modern times. They are notifiable diseases, and a world-wide watch for an outbreak is maintained.

Virus infections are collected from practically every part of the world and sent to the Research Centre at Mill Hill for culture, investigation and group typing. In the event of a severe type of infection occurring, vaccines can be prepared for treatment and prevention.

Anyone who catches influenza will know that the symptoms are more alarming than those for the common cold. There are dislike of bright light, severe body aches, a violent headache, but not usually much sneezing or snuffling.

When your nose tickles and your eyes run do not think you have influenza. You have coryza. That can be bad enough—unless you take instant measures so that it is all over within forty-eight hours. And with common sense this should always be possible.

END

Three Versions Of Rooms For Viewers

(Continued from page 15)

double advantage. For it automatically ensures that the light source is, as it should be, behind the receiver.

If the set is a table model, a special television table or trolley, with easy-running wheels, is perhaps one "gadget" that will pay its way. There is an increasing variety of these in the shops in both "traditional" and contemporary styles. Some, too, have revolving turntable tops which make adjustment in the angle of vision a second's work.

Most of us are too familiar with the complicated and embarrassing reorganization of seating arrangements when extra people drop in for an evening's viewing. There are, of course, specially designed curved upholstered units which fit together into a semi-circle and, since they are as comfortable for other purposes as for viewing, they are worth considering when re-furnishing. But even with these, occasions will arise when more seats are needed, yet a surfeit of chairs will be more a bane than a boon at other times. The answer is probably a set of stools which nest Chinese-box fashion when not required, or small folding "camp" chairs which can be housed tidily out of sight: neither a very expensive item.

So much for some of the purely practical problems. What of the decorative problems of importing a necessarily rather cumbersome newcomer into the home? All too often the TV set seems about as extraneous as the proverbial mother-in-law on a honeymoon. This is especially true of contemporary rooms. For, because demand is largely for cabinets with the dark, highly glossy polish known as "piano finish," manufacturers find it uneconomic to produce standard ranges with the lighter, natural finish to blend with contemporary furniture.

Most makers, however, are quite willing to supply cabinets "in the white," that is, unstained and polished, ready for finishing to match other pieces—or for painting. For, at the risk of sticking my neck out, I personally disagree that a television, or for that matter a radio, is a "desirable piece of furniture."

Both, like the telephone or refrigerator, are much more pieces of equipment than furniture—and we don't make showpieces of our refrigerators. Pieces painted to match walls or woodwork have a way of blending unobtrusively into almost any scheme and even of providing a link between two quite different styles of furniture. (This, incidentally, is a well-known decorating trick.)

Professionally built-in television is an impossibly expensive luxury for most of us. But it may not be as difficult or expensive to achieve a built-in *effect*. A simple serving hatch arrangement between two rooms, for example, might accommodate a table model which, when not in use, could be concealed behind cupboard doors. In at least one case, good use has been made of an existing cupboard—admittedly a stout, old-fashioned affair—by fixing a table receiver on a shelf on the back of the door. The door opens across a corner of the room to give an uninterrupted view of the screen from almost any point. It is worth remembering that a corner arrangement allows a bigger "auditorium" than probably any other and that special corner sets are now available.

Again, it is not difficult to incorporate a receiver in a group of built-in fireside fitments, provided always that it can be removed for servicing when necessary and that precautions are taken against the heat generated at the back of the tube. If a group of this kind is being planned round TV, it would be sense to provide a roomy cupboard, possibly below the set itself, for our occasional stools or folding chairs.

With a little forethought, too, a harmonious and apparently built-in arrangement can be based on standard unit furniture by matching up the height of units and TV set. Console receivers vary, for example, from about thirty inches to thirty-six inches in height and many bookcase, cupboard and bureau units fall within the same range. It is merely a question of marrying one to the other.

END

Crown Yourself King . . . Of Your Own Island (Continued from page 57)

mail delivered to them, no matter where (within the United Kingdom) they may choose to live. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, who live on Holy Isle, off the bigger island of Arran, collect their own mail from Lamlash, and for this service are paid £2 a month by the Post Office, which exactly covers their rent! But whether this service would apply to every island I do not know. I imagine it would be a matter for bargaining with the local postal officials, and that if you decided to settle on, say, Rockall, they would put up a spirited opposition.

MOST of the small islanders of my acquaintance are having far too hard a struggle for mere existence to have time for any of these whimsies. Island-owning is fun for a holiday. Lord and Lady Redesdale, for instance, owning historic Inch Kenneth off Mull, spend ideally happy summers there with their numerous children and grandchildren, who all join in the life of the farm and help to swim the cattle across to market on the mainland (when will their daughter Nancy Mitford make it a setting for one of her novels?). In winter it is left to a farm bailiff.

But it is a different matter when you need to make a living from the soil or the sea. I shall follow with interest the future of Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, who bought Soay, off Skye, the island whose population recently left it with so much publicity. From the heights of the Cuillin I watched the little red-funnelled steamer taking off natives who, though knowing every nook and bay and channel of the coast, yet declared that the life had grown too hard for them, and I wondered how a solitary English couple with a small child would fare in their stead.

Mrs. Geddes, a London University graduate, is full of spirit and enterprise, and already has her little poultry-farm going. She hopes to attract other English settlers (it seems generally agreed that no Scot can be expected to brave the rigours of his homeland's outer fringe!) and her husband, who for a time was shark-fishing with the famous Major Gavin Maxwell, may get the fishery going again if the price of shark-liver-oil improves. All the same, what a lonely, risky life it is, with the doctor not only twenty miles away, but in rough weather having to do six of them on foot across a trackless bog before he can embark! And what will happen when the little boy is of school age?

A private income or an alternative source of income appear to be prerequisites for the successful island life. The Clarkes on Arran's Holy Isle, with their fifteen-minute launch trip across to Lamlash (where their son got his schooling) are not only much better off in the way of communications than the Geddes on Soay; they can also run their delightful old white farmhouse as a guest-house and tea-room, and enjoy five summer months of busy prosperity, no visitor to Arran being able to resist the enticement of that solitary house on the green cone of the island across Lamlash Bay.

THEN autumn, winter and spring give them seven months of solitude, broken only by passing visits from Clyde yachtsmen or from the Navy, with whom they are first favourites. The island keeps them going in fuel (plenty of driftwood for the collecting in the bays), fish, rabbits, gulls' eggs (excellent for cooking and preserving, says Mrs. Clarke), and vegetables, for the flat strip of soil where their house stands is fertile. But they can afford to import lavishly the groceries without which life becomes austere when you are liable to be cut off by storms—for in rough weather even the fifteen-minute crossing may be impossible for three or four days at a time.

My friend Brenda Chamberlain has a more romantic way of earning an island living. Her island is Bardsey, off the tip of the Lleyn Peninsula in North Wales, and she is a painter of international repute, and won the Gold Medal for Painting at this year's National Eisteddfod with her picture of the island children. On Bardsey she finds a wonderful clarity of light, an intense spaciousness and the sense of privacy so essential to the creative artist—for though she is on the friendliest terms with the handful of other island families, their natural Welsh good manners and their closeness to the soil enable them to take her painting as much for granted as they do one another's fishing or rabbiting, and it is only from the occasional tourist that she has to endure prying eyes and impertinent intrusions.

She has also, like the other Bardsey islanders, found a roomy, well-built house at a peppercorn rent, a fertile garden-piece, and all the fish and rabbits she wants. And the income from her painting enables her to take long trips to England and to the South of France, where she renews her inspiration—for her subjects are by no means all of the island; some indeed are highly sophisticated, recalling Matisse.

But even she, who has achieved so ideal a fusion with her environment, has a darker side of it to report. The snag on Bardsey is the communications. Seven miles of cruel tide-race separate it from Aberdaron, and moreover there is no proper jetty, merely a landing-place on the rocks, where the boat has to be winched up by hand. Two strong men are needed for this, and when Miss Chamberlain first went to Bardsey that was precisely the island's man-power.

ONE of them falling ill, his wife, the other couple and Miss Chamberlain had to perform the task, and her sensitive painter's hands were raw with blisters. Without the men to work the boat, the community would fail altogether, as happened on St. Kilda. Fortunately the island received recently an influx of population—but it is always a chancy business whether newcomers will settle.

In bad weather Bardsey can be cut off for days or even weeks. This happened one Christmas, the grimmest time Miss Chamberlain can remember. Flour and other groceries ran out; they sickened of fish and rabbits and she for one was near the starvation line when the passing Holyhead lifeboat nobly braved the risk of putting in and landing emergency supplies. To add to her sufferings, she got a grit in her eye and the neighbours had not the skill to pull it out. The eye festered and she was in agony for days. Now, the fear of ill-health and of being out of reach of medical help are a constant shadow, which must dog even her summer happiness.

It is stories like that that give one pause.

My own fancy is for Rhum. This is a perfectly enormous desert island, whose cloud-piercing peaks, jaggedly blue, are the loveliest element in the enchanting view one sees from the Scottish mainland round Morar or Ardnamurchan, or from the Cuillin of Skye. It belongs to Lady Buller, who is there but seldom. It is not absolutely a desert, but she and the two resident families of keepers nowadays turn a tactfully blind eye to the occasional venturesome launch party from Mallaig or Skye, and one may enjoy an almost Robinson Crusoe illusion of treading where none have trod before.

THE deer, not stalked for many years, have so multiplied that there is not a tree on the island except for the fence-enclosed forest round Lady Buller's Victorian-Gothic castle.

But the ground is gay with heather and thrift and the rocks with saxifrage; shags, gannets and puffins abound, and sometimes you may even hear a queer gurgling, as of water, from beneath the stones. That marks where a baby shearwater is impatiently waiting in its parents' underground burrow for the fish they will bring back from the sea.

There are several neat-looking houses standing empty round the little harbour below the castle, and every time I go across I toy with the notion of approaching Lady Buller and asking her permission to rent What a life it would be, surrounded by such beauty, and with all that vast empty hinterland behind one, which it would take years thoroughly to explore!

But then I remember my friend on Bardsey, and the grit in her eye, and the odiousness of perhaps being cut off and having to live for weeks on rabbits (and a diet of venison would be just as cloying), and my courage fails me. So it is, I suspect, with a great many of us faint-hearted escapists. We make our plans and they give us pleasure. But in the end we stay where we are.

END

Soups For Surly Days (Continued from page 55)

Now here is something rather more exotic. SOPA MICHOACANA is a sweet corn soup, very popular in Latin America. Try it when you feel in an experimental mood. You will need:

6 ears of sweet corn
1½ pints of milk
1 large tomato
1 medium onion
2 oz. butter or margarine
2 oz. grated cheese
Salt and pepper

Cook the corn on the cobs in boiling salted water for twenty minutes. Heat the milk, but do not boil, and add half of the corn kernels to the hot milk. Melt the butter in another pan and fry the remainder of the kernels, together with the sliced peeled tomato, the sliced onion, the grated cheese, and a little salt and pepper. Fry for no more than five minutes, then mix this with the milk and corn mixture. Serve very hot.

If you want to begin your meal with a dashing note of colour and an unusual flavour, try BEETROOT SOUP, which is one of the many varieties of BORTSCH. Peel 1 lb. of raw beets and slice them thinly. Add one small sliced onion, two teaspoons sugar, the juice of half a lemon, a very little salt, and three pints of cold water or beef stock. Bring slowly to the boil and cook gently for one hour, when the liquid should have reduced itself by one third. Allow to cool slightly before beating in the yolks of two eggs. Reheat, but do not allow to boil after the eggs have been added. Serve very hot, adding a little sour cream if you like it.

And finally, as a generous gesture, here is the recipe for that most famous of French soups, POT-AU-FEU. This is really a meal in itself, and a dishful should satisfy the most gargantuan of appetites. Contrariwise, it should tempt even the most lovelorn, who are, as we all know, averse to food.

Take a 2-lb. piece of beef (shin or flank will do very nicely), tie it into shape, and put in a large saucepan. Add four or five pints of water, and simmer for two hours, adding a heaped teaspoon of salt after one and a half hours. Then take a small cabbage, wash it and cut it in half; add it to the soup, together with one turnip, carrot, onion and parsnip, peeled and sliced thickly, and two or three sticks of celery, cut into two-inch lengths. You may also add a leek if you like the flavour. Spice it with half a dozen peppercorns and a couple of cloves, and bring the soup to the boil before adding a tablespoon of pearl tapioca or rice. Cook for another half an hour, then put the pot-au-feu into the largest tureen you have and serve it at the table, accompanied by chunks of French bread.

Note well: Don't try to be elegant when eating this. It just isn't possible!

END

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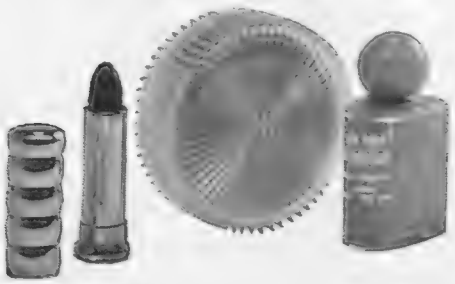

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DRY SKIN?

This is the answer

Flatter Your Windows (*Continued from page* 45)

For the smaller sort of recessed windows, which usually have a frill, wood can also be used. If the window has only a shallow recess, then fix the wood across the top of it so that it is a "continuation" of the wall. Paint or paper it so that no one can tell the difference between wood and wall, and you will have achieved the popular "built-in" curtains. The living-room on page 45 is an excellent example of what can be done in this way.

If the window recess is deep, and you wish to hang the curtains near the panes to enhance the size of the room, then the wood will have to be placed nearer the window. In this case it cannot be papered or painted in the same way as the walls, because it will not be flush with them, so treat it in the same way as the woodwork in the window, or as the window recess, or use one of the less conspicuous colours from the curtains. There is endless scope for your own ideas.

I have had some rather more elaborate wooden fittings made, that have proved themselves adaptable to all sorts of windows. First I had made some pelmet boards complete with metal fittings for the curtains, then instead of tacking on either pelmet or plywood, I had another piece of wood fixed at an angle of about 45 deg., sloping in towards the curtains, rather like a picture frame.

This fitment was attached to the ceiling, on the top of window recesses. Where I wanted curtains to the floor, I had it set out far enough to clear the window sill. With smaller windows it was set farther back to let the curtains rest on the sill, and with recessed windows it was set at the outer edge of the recess.

They were painted in many different ways, too—sometimes the same as the walls or ceiling, sometimes the same as the woodwork, and in one room I was so pleased with the picture frame idea, that I left them in the natural wood, and introduced a picture nearby with a similar sort of frame, to emphasize it.

Another difficulty that one encounters with curtains, is the room that has several small windows, or more difficult still, a large window and several small ones. It is usual to have bolder patterns and heavier materials for large windows, and these are not suitable for small ones; nor is it particularly restful to have several different patterns in one fairly small room.

A VERY useful material here is the fine ninon and nylon now on the market in a wide range of shades. If the window is a reasonable size, you might try two "layers"—one near the panes to hang straight, and an inner one to be draped. The expandable wire which is so useful for hanging these lightweight materials, is now plastic covered, so the cut ends no longer jag the curtains as you thread them.

If you have an old house with really big windows, why not try a swathed and draped curtain pole, with old-fashioned ornamented ends. It is much more graceful and soft in outline than a pelmet. It would be more luxurious, too, if you used material of contrasting texture and design—velvet with brocade, plain with patterned.

Large, lofty rooms can take this dramatic sort of décor, but please do not try it in your prefab.

Look at your own house, look round other peoples, in fact, look round everywhere, and ideas will begin to flow in.

END

The Outcast (*Continued from page* 30)

for a reredos, did he tell you, Monsieur?"

On their way to the village John told him of the offer he had made to paint it, and that the panels had arrived that very morning.

"But that is magnificent," Pierre cried. Questions flowed from him. How long would it take? What would the subject be? Would the Pope come to bless it?

"I hardly think the Pope, Pierre," John laughed.

"No, of course not. I was just being too ambitious. Tell me, Monsieur, talking of the Pope, do you think *he* would object to my serving at Mass because of my unhappy shape?"

John looked at the classical head walking in beauty beside him above the despised body and wondered if the Pope would be as moved as he was.

"I'm sure he wouldn't. How old are you, Pierre?"

"I'm not sure."

"Have you no parents, or family?"

"No. Not since I was very young. I manage. I sleep in the stable of Monsieur Larue's bakery. I love horses, and I help look after them. I get along quite well—it's just my body—and as I can't get out of that, well, I make do."

His smile lighting up the troubled eyes was radiant. John thought of the men he knew, some of whom were Pierre in reverse, shapely bodies and distorted souls, yet those among them who were Catholics had certainly, when boys, been allowed to serve Mass. What a world!

THAT evening John went to see Father Augustus in his small white cottage which was situated on the fringe of the olive grove a stone's throw from the church. The Father was delighted to see him and produced a bottle of native wine in mild celebration. After John had smoked a moment or two in the silence of the garden, he said:

"About the reredos. . . . With your permission I would like to present it to your church, Father."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Give it. The money you have collected for it so far can, I feel sure, be used for something else, perhaps some distress more pressing."

"But this is magnificent of you." Father Augustus's pale face lighted up. "But why should you do this so very generous thing, Monsieur? You have no real interest in the church. You are not even a Catholic."

"Does one have to be in order to give pleasure?"

"No—no. Forgive me. It was badly put. I mean for nothing—all the trouble and expense!"

John blew smoke a moment into the air. Then he smiled to the priest's surprise, rather cunningly.

"Perhaps," he said, "I am not doing it entirely for nothing. In short, I *do* want something for it—but not money."

"Anything—anything within my power," Father Augustus replied eagerly.

"This is within your power, Father."

"Well? What is it? If you can be so generous—so can I."

John stubbed out his cigarette on the flagged path.

"I want you to let Pierre serve at Mass," he said firmly.

There was a silence that could be felt like a wedge inserted in the heat of the afternoon. Father Augustus slowly shook his head, and sighed.

"But Monsieur—it won't do. The villagers are so prejudiced. They would probably laugh at him, tease him. He would suffer in the end more than he suffers now."

"Oh—so you do realize that he suffers?"

"Indeed I do. But Monsieur, this is—is bribery, is it not?"

"Certainly it is. A most unreligious proceeding, but in fact wrapped in a very religious motive. I propose to paint you a very beautiful reredos on seven panels the full length of the altar. The panels have already arrived by the way. And all I ask—I'm not a particularly (*Continued on page* 70)

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religious man, Father, but I can't see that young man eating his heart out. I feel I am not far wrong in supposing his soul to be as fair as his body is ugly. His face is the face of a good man if ever I saw one. It has the simple goodness, the innocent beauty of—of——"

"Of what, Monsieur?"

"Never mind. What is the answer, Father? Does he serve, even if only once, or does he not? And if so, when?"

Father Augustus's eyes were fixed on the silvery leaves of the olive tree before him. In them he saw his altar with the faded green silk curtain behind the tabernacle. He visualized there in its stead the lovely reredos of his dreams. Gilt with softly coloured angels—with perhaps Christ Himself in the centre, open-armed. Would the Bon Dieu forgive him for bargaining?

"What had you in mind as a subject?" he stalled, his eyes still on the tree.

"I thought," John replied eagerly, "seven panels, with kneeling angels with folded wings on three of the side panels—then centre, Christ—with His arms extended to the whole world—fair and unfair alike."

"How very odd. I saw that too. It must mean that it is to be. But I must have time to think it over—to commune with my soul and pray for guidance. Tomorrow is Sunday—I will let you know after Mass, Monsieur."

John stood up.

"Thank you," he said, simply. "Meanwhile Pierre said something to me the other day which may help you to decide, Father. He said: 'If only I could lie flat on my back, Monsieur, and look up at the stars.' Well, made as he is we know that he will never be able to realize that wish. He is too heavily laden with an eternal pack on his back. What I mean is," he added significantly, "*that particular* wish you are unable to grant."

At the Villa Contessa, where he was staying en pension John discussed the matter with Madame Henri the proprietress. Being a shrewd woman he felt that her opinion might be worth having.

"*Ach, le pauvre!*" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands characteristically. "He comes here in the winter and works for me on odd jobs. Pierre is so thorough. There are so many fiddling things to do in preparation for the spring and summer letting. He is handy at everything—mending furniture too. He is quite a gifted carpenter. It is a pity he cannot get a permanent job, but people are—how do you say. . . ."

"Prejudiced?"

"*Oui*—prejudiced. I cannot understand why the misfortune of deformity should disgust and harden people so. You have only to look at his face to forget his body."

"Ah, yes—his face," John murmured.

He lighted a cigarette thoughtfully.

THE following Sunday John looked in at early Mass at "Our Lady of Sorrows." He was familiar with the service, having been in and out of churches in Rome and Florence of late in search of colour and subject. But nowhere, even in the grandest cathedrals had he encountered the warmth and simple beauty such as enveloped him here in Father Augustus's little church. So tiny and exquisitely appointed, it was clearer than ever on this hot summer morning that all it lacked was a fitting reredos towards the glorification of God.

He sat in the shadow of a pillar and looked about him. It was hard to believe from the reverent bowed heads that the villagers could harbour any unkindness to their less fortunate fellow creature. Not far from him, alone in a corner, he saw Pierre kneeling, staring before him steadfastly at the altar, watching every movement of the young man serving Father Augustus at Mass.

Some fifty candles from a nearby shrine flooded his suffering face with suffused light. His small fair beard shone; his eyes shone; his hair shone. Almost, John thought, he seemed lifted on shafts of light. Even his body crumpled beneath him took on a kinder shape.

After Mass John walked to Father Augustus's cottage and seated himself in the garden to await his return. It was not long before he arrived along the path from the church.

"Ah—I expected you to be here," he said. "Well, as you see by the appearance of that bed under the window there, I spent some time digging in my garden yesterday—and, there is nothing like digging for helping one to make up one's mind." He sat on a wrought-iron chair opposite John and leaned forward looking at him intently.

"And what have you decided?" John asked as the other did not speak.

"God forgive me—I have settled for bribery, Monsieur. I shall let Pierre serve next Sunday. I shall have to take him through it many times to make sure he'll make no mistakes."

"He'll make no mistakes, Father. For just on twenty years he's been waiting for this moment. All his waking hours and his sleeping hours have been devoted to just this one idea. . . . Thank you, Father. You shall have your reredos as soon as it is humanly possible."

JOHN was not at Benediction that evening when Father Augustus announced his decision to the little congregation. A gasp of surprise and disapproval went up, but Pierre, sitting at the back was trembling too hard with suppressed excitement to hear anything but the magic words from the Father's lips. Now, surely God did not disdain him for his unfortunate shape. . . . Here was proof that he had at last been blessed. But he must be humble and not rush out of church shouting for joy as was his almost overpowering inclination.

It was with some trepidation that John attended low Mass the following Sunday. He had been working hard at the reredos all the week and was glad of the cool restful house of God wherein he could meditate on human nature and its ways. Here for instance to his surprise was the small church fuller than he had ever seen it, and for no other reason that he could see than curiosity as to how Pierre would conduct himself at the altar.

For a moment he feared some sort of hostile demonstration, but there was none. There was in fact no sound other than the deep tones of Father Augustus and the clear responses of Pierre winging their way from the altar to, John hoped, a Higher Authority. If anyone expected Pierre would trip or drop things they were disappointed, for he moved easily, and oddly enough with considerable grace, for it would appear that the long, red cassock and white lace-trimmed surplice lent him height whereby his hump seemed considerably diminished.

The whole ceremony was executed with fluid ease. The deep reverence of all his movements was immensely touching. At the end when he followed Father Augustus and the Host from the altar, his hands folded in prayer, his lovely head bowed, John felt a lump rise in his throat.

It was not long after, that Father Augustus stood in silent ecstasy before the finished reredos resting on a long trestle in his cottage. John watched his face closely and with no little anxiety. He watched his eyes as they travelled with joy over each panel—the gilded angels—the flowers—the doves, and then to the centre panel.

Here his eyes paused as they rested on the Saviour whose arms were extended invitingly, as if to say: "Come unto me all ye who are weary. . . ." Beseeching the world to cast its burdens upon him. The Father's eyes rested long and in wonderment on the Christ's face. At last he turned to John.

"Monsieur, it is so beautiful. I have no words." He paused. "I wonder if my flock will be too dazzled by its beauty to see—" he pointed to the Christ's face—"what I see."

"Let them see what you see, Father. Every artist if possible likes to use a model for his work. Unknown to him I took the most Christ-like of all your flock for mine. Long after his ugly body is dust the beauty of his soul shall go on living in this reredos. Forgive me, Father, but that is religion as I see it."

Father Augustus continued to look at the reredos while his lips murmured gently: ". . . all ye who are heavy laden."

END

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

When you buy food, and bread especially, it is wise to remember that no single food is perfect, neither does any food contain all the nutrients necessary, in their correct proportions, for good health.

The main constituents of flour are starch (carbohydrate) and gluten (protein): bread is thus an important provider of calories as well as protein.

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Most of us eat a lot of bread every day and most people like white bread best for the simple reason that it is more palatable and is far, far more digestible than brown. Nutritional experts have stated that "whole wheat bread, because of its roughage, is not generally considered suitable for those with digestive disorders."

Lord Horder, speaking in the House of Lords, said "Bread being the staple article of the diet of the people of this land, it must be nutritious up to the limit of scientific knowledge." Every mother knows herself just how much the family depends on bread: surely it's worth paying a little more for a bread that's so much better.

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People With A Plan

(Continued from page 21)

nurseries; directing the staff and generally keeping things going.

The children (some of them "staff") are looked after by two nursery nurses and two assistants, with extra domestic help. There are three in the kitchen and a full-time "estate carpenter," for the conversion is by no means complete.

In another two years it is hoped that the remaining wing will be converted, giving a total of five more family flats (one just ready from the first part of the conversion) and also a number of small bed-sitting rooms, both "singles" and "doubles" with shared bathrooms and kitchenettes. These last are proposed "in response to demand" from various friends who would like a small stake in St. Julians.

St. Julians is a big and original venture. That already so much has been accomplished is due, I think, to the careful, but flexible planning; to the fact that it is a co-operative effort by intelligent people with the same sort of ideals or needs, and lastly, but very important, that the conversion is being carried out by an architect member.

"How does it work, and what does it cost?" are the questions that all interested visitors to St. Julians want to ask.

That the house is fulfilling the hopes of the parents for their children is agreed. All the youngsters love the freedom to explore the grounds, the opportunities for keeping pets, the big-family fun that is possible and all are wonderfully fit. Staff children, some of them mere babies, who may arrive looking a bit peaky, became quite robust in a very short while.

Another aspect of the effect of St. Julians on the younger generation is the poise it has given them. One of the mothers told me that even the youngest soon became "good mixers," both with the other children and the grown-ups. Parents, who appear to find St. Julians as satisfying as do their offspring, spend as much time there as they can possibly manage. Perhaps because they are not with the children all day and every day, and mothers as well as fathers have jobs of their own, they are able to come fresh to them and be welcomed as individuals as well as parents.

The cost question is rather more involved. St. Julians is a non-profit-making private limited company, with the shares held by the residents. The initial capital necessary to purchase and convert the property, over £20,000, was found by the shareholders, part being raised as share capital, part as debentures and the remainder as loans on mortgage to various individual shareholders. The basic investment, qualifying each shareholder to one vote in the government of the project, is £200 per adult. In addition to the £400 shareholding investment of each family (£290 only for a single individual) a further sum is invested in debentures so that the total covers the capital cost of the accommodation. For the family flats this has ranged from round about £1,000 to £1,500.

A YEARLY payment, known as a license, depending on size and position of each flat, covers not only rates but maintenance, central heating and hot water (the installation of the oil-fired boilers was one of the biggest of the conversion costs), lighting and the use of the communal sitting-rooms and the grounds.

If the proposed bed-sitting-room scheme becomes a reality (and what an agreeable way of acquiring the facilities of a country cottage without the snags, and at a fraction of the usual cost, it would seem to be!) the usual £200 per adult shareholding will be taken up plus an additional debenture of not less than £75. The annual license figure for a single room will be about £30 and about £50 for a double.

Apart from the obligatory expenditure of the original capital sum (which buys the accommodation) and the annual license cost, there are two "clubs" attached to St. Julians, membership of which is optional. In fact, everyone belongs to the dining club, which is paid for partly by subscription, at present £2 per quarter, and partly by meal charges based on the current costs of food, staff and fuel.

At the moment a week's meals cost £2 5s.; casual meals slightly more pro rata. Full service is provided for meals other than tea (which for the grown-ups is informally taken in the large drawing-room), but members do take a turn in waiting and clearing away about once a month on rota, in order to allow the staff to have a break. The kitchen has been fitted with an electric washing-up machine, so the job is not a very arduous one!

All the children under eleven belong to the nursery club which, as at present constituted, supplies day and night care, including laundry and room cleaning. For the under-fives there are nursery classes, too.

The five-to-eleven group are driven in to the local primary school, which has a good reputation, or to private schools in Sevenoaks. The child-care cost, for a twenty-four hour service, is £3 3s. weekly, exclusive of food, which is covered by a dining-room subscription for each child. In the near future it is likely that a less comprehensive, and therefore less expensive service, will be offered as an alternative.

All such problems are worked out by the shareholders, either in general meeting, or in committees formed to deal with special interests. Once a decision is arrived at, the actual carrying out is left to the administrative secretary. She alone gives orders to the staff. She is also able to arrange various additional services for shareholders such as the cleaning of their private flat or the supply of stores for their private larder.

Stated baldly the "running costs" for a family at St. Julians sound pretty steep. But bringing up a middle class family today does eat into a quite appalling amount, however you do it. When both parents have a professional career the nominal income made tends to be fairly large—and the outgoings in proportion.

So far, in this necessarily very condensed account, I haven't touched on one burning question to all those who may wonder whether

in the St. Julians idea there might not be something for them. *How communal* is it all?

On the basis of a single visit, I would say not oppressively so. The children *do* live as part of a big family, for that is the idea. Otherwise there does not appear to be any more mixing than would be normal in a block of flats with a generally-used communal restaurant and a "residents" club. The communal sitting-rooms are used by the staff in their off-duty hours, but, except for tea in the drawing-room, very little by shareholders. The gardens are in the process of being made, and those who are interested join in happily, concerning themselves with potted plants (there is a lovely conservatory opening from the drawing-room), a flower border, the herb garden and so on, according to where their tastes lie. The terrace at the south front, with its magnificent views to the south downs, is a delightful spot to sit—but then so are the private balconies or the bay windows of the flats.

UNDOUBTEDLY much of the charm of St. Julians, and it has a great deal, is due to the imaginative way it has been converted. All the flats have character, but no boring uniformity. Some have attractive "period" features such as a modified Gothic arch to the windows or a slightly vaulted ceiling.

To others, converted from former service quarters, have been added, in the contemporary idiom, a slender balcony or an entire wall of floor-length sliding door-windows. In every case there is a beautiful view and a south, south-east or south-west aspect to the living-room. Sometimes this has meant turning the room around and putting in a fresh window, but the lightness and sunniness resulting have been well worth the trouble.

Although it must have been quite an ordeal to move into a large, unconverted house, the initial discomfort has proved worthwhile in at least two ways. First, the making-over could be done bit by bit, in the light of experience. More conversion, and the subsequent addition of flats beyond those originally visualized, has been found practicable. It is surprising what space goes begging in a large, old-fashioned house, and what can be done by raising and lowering ceilings and "taking in" useless corridors and upper halls!

Experience has taught, too, that a much smaller unit of accommodation is needed for each family or individual than in the ordinary house or flat. There is no need for dining-rooms; in fact, most families prefer the plan of a large, gracious, all-purpose room for the parents, with compact dressing room, bathroom and kitchenette, and small rooms for the children.

The problem of teenagers has already been faced and a possible solution, as the children grow up, is seen in building a row of cabin bed-sitters in the garden. This would give that individual freedom within the family group that is so longed for at this age.

The second way in which tackling the conversion from within, so to speak, is proving so wise is the resulting economy. With a shareholder architect in charge, nothing is wasted. The centre of the house was gutted and the ugly, space-wasting Edwardian staircase and a small lift removed, but all the fine quality salvaged materials are used elsewhere. Then luxury touches to private flats can be optional or added later. Some flats have retained the Victorian fireplaces; others have had a square, log-burning grate built in. The central heating gives ample warmth, but there's something very cheering about a blazing wood fire. French windows opening on to small wrought-iron balconies will be added to the rooms on one face as soon as both communal and private funds permit. The house committee that has to approve all structural alterations won't permit some of the balconies to be added without the rest, so the private flats must wait until the company decide that the cost of, say £25 a window for two staff rooms can be justifiably met.

As an outsider, one is impressed by the blend of sound sense and perceptive imagination that is going into the whole project. St. Julians is young as yet, but if the auguries are to be trusted, it is set for a successful future.

END

Knitting (*Continued from pages* 46–47)

The Lines Are Slimming

With right side of work facing, cast off 16 sts., then dec. 1 st. at this edge to correspond with neck of jumper.

Cast off, still to correspond with shoulder shapings, beginning with a p. row.

Work another piece, reversing decreasings.

TO MAKE UP

Neatly stitch down 4 rows at back of neck. With right side of front, facing and right side of lapel against front, neatly oversew front edge and round neck, do this each side. Turn inside out and lightly press and turn over to form V neck.

Join shoulder seams with back st. Make dart at side front on wrong side ½ inch, graduating to 1 thread. Press into position, set in sleeves, turning back 1¼ inches and stitching neatly along for cuff; seam sleeve and side seam, oversew ribbing.

Note.—Work in front up to armhole is 1 inch longer than back.

Glittering With Beads

Shape the Neck.—Cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows 6 (7, 8) sts. once, 2 sts. 4 times and 1 st. 3 times. 41 (43, 45) sts. left. Work 2 rows, ending at arm edge. (*Continued on page* 74)

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Shape the Shoulder.—Keeping neck edge straight cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows at shoulder edge 6 (8, 8) sts. once, 7 (7, 8) sts. twice, and 7 sts. 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Reading pattern rows backwards, follow instructions for the left front reversing all shapings.

BACK

With No. 13 needles cast on 116 (122, 128) sts. Work 2¼ inches in K. 1, P. 1, rib.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row.—K. 3 (3, 5), * K. twice into the next st., K. 3 ; rep. from * to the last 5 (3, 7) sts., K. twice into the next st., k. 4 (2, 6). 144 (152, 158) sts. Continue in st.st., commencing with a p. row. Work until back measures the same as the fronts up to the commencement of the armhole shaping, ending with a p. row.

Shape the Armholes.—Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every alternate row until there are 120 (126, 132) sts. left. Work without further shaping until armholes measure the same as those of fronts, ending with a p. row.

Shape the Shoulders.—Cast off at the beginning of next and following rows 6 (8, 8) sts. twice, 7 (7, 8) sts. 4 times, and 7 sts. 6 times. Cast off the remaining 38 (40, 42) sts. for back of neck.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 13 needles cast on 82 (86, 90) sts. Work 2¼ inches in k. 1, p. 1, rib.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row.—K. 2 (4, 6), * k. twice into the next st., k. 6, rep. from * to the last 3 (5, 7) sts., k. twice into the next st., k. 2 (4, 6). 94 (98, 102) sts. Continue in st.st. commencing with a p. row. Work 3 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 110 (114, 120) sts. Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 6½ inches from cast on edge ending with a p. row.

Shape Top.—Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and 2 sts. at the beginning of the following 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and then every alternate row until there are 46 (46, 48) sts. left, and then 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 26 (26, 28) sts. left. Cast off.

FRONT BORDERS

Right Side.—With No. 13 needles and right side of work facing you k. up 128 (134, 140) sts. evenly along centre-front edge. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib. Work 3 rows.

Next row.—Rib 7 (8, 9), * cast off 3 sts., rib 20 (21, 22) including the st. already on the needle; rep. from * ending rib 3 instead of rib 20 (21, 22). In the next row cast on sts. over those cast off on the preceding row. Work 4 rows. Cast off in rib.

Left Side.—Work as for right side omitting buttonholes.

NECKBAND

Join both shoulder seams with narrow back-stitch. With No. 13 needles and right side of work facing you, and starting and finishing at centre front, k. up 122 (126, 130) sts. evenly round neck. Work 9 rows in k. 1, p. 1, rib. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with hot iron and damp cloth. Sew side and sleeve seams with narrow back-stitch but overstitching welt and cuff ribbing. Set in sleeves. Press seams. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes.

END

Mink For Clotilde

(*Continued from page 12*)

remove the ash carefully from his cigar. There was a glint of sardonic amusement in his eyes as he continued :

"That was years ago and Marie-Louise now lives in Canada. For all we know she is still wearing Clotilde's coat. Clotilde is the excellent mother of three robust children. . . . You may have noticed, though, that she rarely moves from her husband's side. She watches him, almost as though she still half-expects him to do something unpredictable. He has become wealthy—a *régent* of the Bank of France—and he showers luxuries on her. But she has never accepted a fur coat."

"Isn't that," I said, "carrying contrition a bit far?"

"Possibly," he nodded. "But the curious fact is that the moment the pelt of any animal touches that fair skin it breaks out into a furious rash—most unsightly. She has been to a dozen specialists. There seems to be no cure. Clotilde is quite literally allergic to mink."

Pierre's voice came across the room to us.

"Small slam, doubled and redoubled, I think." He sounded pleased with himself, but not surprised.

In the buzz of approval and comment I hardly heard Henry when he spoke again. I think he was talking more to himself than to me.

"I suppose," he sighed, "I really shouldn't have called her an addle-pated nincompoop. . . . And it was definitely a mistake to describe a *régent* of the Bank of France as a little bank clerk."

END

Is it possible that you're waiting for Anne Veronica Willerby?

(imaginary lady)

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Love Thy Brother?

(*Continued from page 16*)

"luncheon" relative, and groups of the others could be "tea" or "cocktail" ones. By study of their personalities you will sort out the ones that you can ask to the same party. Never have them all indiscriminately in a bunch, for all the worst in them comes out under the influence of the clan spirit, and they will end by tearing your character to pieces.

Once you get your relatives sorted out and have taken their individual measure, it is important that the attitude you establish towards them remains both consistent and firm. Never waver in it, or you are lost. A little of the formal courtesy employed so effectively by our great-grandmothers would help at this point. It fills in the gaps in interest. It can lift a commonplace chat to the level of a social game in which you enjoy placing your counters successfully. It keeps your guests at a distance without offending them. It prevents any unpleasantness arising. And surely it is only right and proper that you should show that courtesy to your relatives which you would freely give to a stranger. I know a husband who is a notable success with his in-laws though all he does is to kiss the women's hands with a gallant comment on their appearance, praise the men's cars or dogs, and then immediately make a pleasant excuse and take himself off elsewhere.

THE bride who loses her sense of proportion for the time being in her adoration of her husband is apt to rush into too great familiarity with her in-laws, for in her grateful happiness she endows them with all the virtues because they happen to be his. Ten times out of ten she is letting herself in for a peck of trouble, and may find herself saddled with hosts of people in whom she has very little interest but who all regard themselves as her intimate and privileged friends.

Grannie continues to be a well-gnawed bone of contention in many households. The fault is usually evenly distributed, and a frank discussion should settle the matter. But it must also be a courteous and calm discussion, with all parties ready to see the reason for the other's point of view. Nothing ever comes of discussion charged with emotion.

It should straight away be admitted that Grannie has rights to the child. It is the visible sign to her that life goes on, and she enjoys watching it develop this or that family trait. But Grannie has no right to regard the child as something to dollop her love on, or something that she can treat as a kind of reward for her labour in bringing up its parent.

Next, the mother's rights should be carefully made clear so that there can be no misunderstanding about them. They are primary and absolute, and Grannie must observe them without question. She and she only is the child's manager.

If the reasonable rights of all concerned are made clear in this matter-of-fact way, with no reference to past grievances or digging up of things that are over and done with, there should be no more Grannie trouble in the family. Every human being outside the mentally deficient is susceptible to reason—a fact which is not acted upon as often as it should be.

All the emotions tie knots in the complicated tangle of family relationships, especially the emotion of fear. This feeling is widely misunderstood and causes a great deal of unnecessary suffering in people with tender consciences. Our guilt about feeling hatred towards those we love is a kind of skeleton in the cupboard which needs to be taken out, looked at calmly and then decently buried where its bones will no longer frighten us with their rattling.

Hate is a natural fact, as natural as love, and it is inextricably mixed up with love in all of us. We must recognize it for what it is, understand that everybody feels it in the same way we do, and then we shall get rid of our sense of guilt about it, and feel much happier all round. Keep in mind that you are not the only one in the world to have feelings of hate against your nearest and dearest. This is a universal experience, and so you are not the unique monster you thought you were. Catch yourself out in a flash of hate next time you are thwarted by someone, whether deliberately or innocently. It is no crime you have committed. But it would be a crime to make the feeling a spring for action. Character is formed and personality developed by controlling this fierce natural feeling inside us. It is no good, however, to punish yourself for entertaining it. The person and the family who claim to be all love are hypocrites.

ON the strictly practical side, always arrange to have a choice of jobs on hand to avoid hurting the feelings of those whose company you could do without. Get out your sewing-basket when one of them drops in, and have the satisfaction of accomplishing something while you put up with them. For those you are not in the mood to talk with, have a library book which must be returned, or a call to make, or some other errand which you have saved for the occasion. In this way you preserve your good relationships without inventing errands or telling a white lie. The open snub is unnecessary, and a sin in the truly Christian sense.

The modern interest in good relationships springs from a new understanding of human brotherhood which is springing up in all corners of the earth. Each of us in our humble way can contribute to this great movement by trying to establish good relationships with all we meet, without exception. To make good relationships with people it is not necessary to like them. Humanity demands that we control and conceal our dislikes, and show common courtesy to all. In the infinite variety of relationships we make, it is possible to like those who bore us. It is not unusual for children to retain a deep affection and loyalty for a mother who has failed to follow (*Continued on page 76*)

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their interests and therefore has little in common with them except the family tie.

One of the many signs of easement in family relationships is the custom of children calling their parents by their given names. This is a subtle recognition of the growing awareness of people as individuals, untagged by any label such as race, religion, colour, economic class, or indeed parenthood. The child when small and dependent needs the tag on his parents, and he speaks the words "My mum," or "My dad," with all the pride of personal ownership. But it helps him to become independent and stand on his own feet to regard his parents as individuals as well as parents. It helps parenthood to ripen into friendship. This custom is useful also in drawing attention to the fact that the family is made up of independent individuals, each equally important to the family's well-being, but each also with his own particular rights.

It should not be forgotten that one of these rights is to have his own friends. Young people of both sexes in a happily adjusted family can be trusted to choose and keep their own friends, with little danger that they will pick out the wrong kind. They also have the right to keep these friends to themselves and not necessarily bring them home for the family blessing. It is possible the friends would bore the family, or the family bore them.

In the happiest families each member has his or her friends, including the parents. A mother who has no circle of her own is badly hampered in keeping the family relationships harmonious. She is left to turn the full glare of her attention, interest and love on the family, and becomes in the end dependent on them for her happiness. This is not a healthy thing for any family. The richest and fullest lives are led in families which have hosts of relationships outside the inner circle. The family which is so satisfied with its own society that it makes few contacts outside is on the way to becoming ingrown, morbid and out of touch with reality. Family affection and loyalty alone are not enough for complete and satisfying relationships.

IN this day when happy families are high fashion, and to have a large, happy family is the aim of more and more young people, women need to take their place—dare I say their old place?—at the centre of family life. While their children are young, nothing should interfere with their primary job of creating and maintaining good family relationships. This work is their greatest contribution to the general welfare. Nobody else can do the job. The husband can help, of course, but the final responsibility and all the hard work is the woman's. It is she who creates the family relationships from the hour of her marriage, and it is only she who can do the unceasing daily labour of maintaining them in good order and repair. For they need regular maintenance as much as the house needs sweeping and dusting, or the car needs oiling and overhaul.

It has always been, and probably will always be, the supremely difficult fate of women to create a family, putting their whole heart, mind and soul into the job, only in the end to find they are unable to claim it as their own. It seems that the finest contribution of women must always be one of renouncement. And the most comforting thing they can do about it is to accept it, welcoming it as the same kind of test of their character that war is of men's.

END

Poor Jemima (*Continued from page 23*)

known it, for she was sleek and fat and sprightly. There was a white star on her forehead, like a blob of spilt milk, and she had immensely long, soft eyelashes which she used as coyly as a débutante.

Shabby and patched as were both Tod and his cart, Jemima was as smart as paint. Her little hooves gleamed with blacking, her harness was studded with brass bosses, her headband decorated with rosettes she had won from time to time in costermonger parades. She had only to stamp a foot to bring Tod flying to her pretty head. He was her slave. His language when some passing motorist crowded her too closely was unprintable. Whether or not her intelligence was as remarkable as Tod made out was open to question. She certainly had a very knowing eye, and she seemed to listen with sly amusement to the feats of perspicacity related of her. More than once I have fancied she winked at me over the bulging nosebag in which her head was usually immersed.

According to Tod she had saved his life, as well as her own, on half a dozen occasions during the blitz on London. She knew, even before the sound of enemy aircraft was audible, where the bombs were going to fall.

"She'd be standing there as quiet as a lamb, bless her, when all of a sudden she'd prick up 'er little ears and whinny to me, like as if to say, 'We better be moving, Tod. T'aint 'ealthy 'ere.' So we'd skip off, see? And blow me down, if a perishin' load o' mischief didn't fall on that hidentical spot where we'd come from!"

I liked to think that this, and other Jemima stories, were true. It was at least beyond dispute that the pair of them, trundling about the London streets as they did through five years of aerial warfare, must have had many a narrow escape. The fact that they emerged unscathed was more likely to be due to Jemima's prescience than to any precautions Tod may have taken; for in addition to being rather deaf, he was usually talking so hard he often didn't hear the siren.

Jemima, like most other pampered females, had a sweet tooth—and an endearing habit of nuzzling into our pockets for titbits. She was seldom disappointed, for we all saved her our odds and ends of stale cake and broken biscuits.

There was a trick which she performed with Tod's co-operation

whenever there was an audience large enough to warrant it—that of taking a lump of sugar from between his teeth. It was delightful to watch her quivering velvet lip reach out, feeling for the proffered dainty with the delicate assurance of a squirrel nibbling a nut. The way she accepted applause was charming, too—tossing her head with little snorts of pleasure.

Vain she was, of her gay harness and her many accomplishments—and greedy. But her manners were perfect, and she was so gentle, so loving and obedient, that it was no wonder Tod doted on her. She ought to have been in a circus, we told him. And this, of course, brought from him the inevitable anecdote of how he had, in fact, been offered enormous sums for her from circus proprietors—all of them indignantly refused. There wasn't enough money in the Treasury itself, Tod declared, to buy Jemima.

SHE knew every word, every inflexion of his voice, stopping of her own accord at traffic lights and at every regular halting-place on his route. Why, she was capable of doing the rounds on her own, if need be. The only thing she couldn't do was to count out the money and give the customers their right change.

We might have pointed out that Tod himself was rather less than proficient in this respect; but as I have said, we were willing to forgive him much, both of our own necessity and on account of Jemima.

I enjoy my work, and it used to be my boast that I could claim never to have stayed away from the office for a single day since I joined the firm. I can make such a claim no longer, however, since the accident which kept me strapped to a hospital bed for nearly six months. It was springtime when I had my fall; and autumn had set in when I was discharged and allowed to return to my Kensington flat. I was still unable to move about quickly, and evening was upon me before I had finished setting things to rights. I was wishing I had bought some fruit and vegetables on my way home from the hospital when, recollecting the hour and the day of the week, I thought, Ah! and leaned confidently out of the window.

It would have been as unreasonable to expect the moon to fail in her orbit as not to look for Tod Small at seven o'clock on a Wednesday evening. Sure enough, there was his cart coming down the road, a dawdling blur of colour in the autumn dusk, heralded by his usual raucous cry.

I stuffed some lumps of sugar in my pocket, picked up my basket and hobbled downstairs.

It was growing dark and I found the cart pulled up a little way beyond the street lamp instead of directly under it. But it was not till I went in habitual fashion to pat Jemima's neck that I realized something was amiss. What had happened? Where was the nuzzling, inquisitive nose, the soft whinny of greeting? This pony made no move, no sign of response, but stood aloof, indifferent to the caress. It wasn't Jemima at all. It wore her harness, but was a nondescript dun colour instead of glossy brown like a chesnut. Its forehead was unmarked by a white star. And it had a slightly Roman nose.

Noticing my consternation Tod came up to me at once. I saw that he, too, was changed; he was greyer, shabbier, quieter. The welcome he gave me was only an echo of his old boisterous familiarity. "You bin tu'y, ain't you? I looked for you many a time, but I ain't seed you all summer."

I explained about my accident and went on to ask him what had become of Jemima. He did not reply at once but muttered, "'Alf a sec," and moved away to attend to the knot of customers who had collected round the cart. When he had served them he came back to me.

"You wasn't the only one to 'ave an accident," he said.

We glanced simultaneously at the new pony standing stolidly at the kerb-side. Then our eyes met.

"Jemima—?" I faltered.

He nodded.

I didn't want him to tell me. I didn't want to hear about it—it was too dreadful. But he had begun to talk and I couldn't stop him.

"She was done for," he said sombrely, clenching his dirty old hands in his tattered pockets, "Done for—by a couple of perishin' drunks in a moty-car."

"*Oh!*" I cried.

"'S a fact. About three months ago. We was trottin' off home, me and Jemima, of a misty evening like this'n—bit later'n usual. Bin rainin' all day and the light was goin'. We was 'alfway over a crossing when they come rip-roaring slam-bang into us before we even knew what was 'appening. We didn't 'ave no chance, they was goin' hell-bent for trouble and too drunk to stop. The cart went over and me with it. When I come to meself, lumme—I never see such a sight, the road and pavement fair covered with apples and cabbages and squashed termaters, and Jemima——"

HE stopped, gulped and burst out convulsively: "Jemima was lying there in the road, her pore legs all bloody and broke, and there was a copper sayin' she'd 'ave to be shot and sending round to the police station for a pistol. Arter they fetched it I says to 'em, 'You give that ter me,' I says, 'If it's gotter be done I'll do it meself.' And at that she lifts 'er 'ead, the pore little dear, and looks at me as if to say, 'That's right, Tod—you tell 'em.' And then I—I done it, quick.

"And after that I makes for them gentry to pay 'em out, but the coppers collared me, and they lugged us all round to the police station and there was a lot of argy-bargy and scribblin' and questionin'. Time we come out, them two drunks 'ad sobered up and one of them told me he was sorry about the pony, and offered me fifty quid. 'You'd better take it,' he says. 'If it goes to court the beak might give yer less, and anyway you was on the wrong side of the road.' Which was a flamin' lie if ever I 'eard one." (*Continued on page 78*)

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Tod paused. There were wet streaks in the stubble on his cheeks and chin. He drew himself up and his voice grated on again, raised a half octave now in brutal mimicry.

"'*Ow*, so ya're *sorry* about the pony, are yer?' I says. 'It's 'andsome of yer to offer me yer *sympathy*,' I says. 'It's a matter of no consequence to a *gentleman*,' I says, 'but that pony and me has stuck to each other for fourteen years, through thick and thin, through snow and shine and bombs and all. A fortune wouldn't 'ave bought 'er off me. And now the likes of you come along and smash 'er to bits and offer me yer sympathy and fifty quid. I'd like to chuck it back at her, s'w'elp me—but I can't, 'cos I 'as me livin' to make and I got to get me cart mended and buy another nag to pull it. . . .'"

He stopped and turned away. I felt his pain as though it were my own, but I could find nothing to say to him, nothing that would bring him any comfort.

It was dark now. There were no more customers to serve. He unhitched the reins and climbed up into the cart, sat there for a moment staring stonily ahead. Then he wiped his nose on the sleeve of his coat and sighed.

"Time that was Jemima," he said with a jerk of his head towards the stolid animal in the shafts, "time that was Jemima, she'd be lookin' round for me now, as much as to say, 'Buck up, Tod, and let's be gittin' 'ome to supper.' This'n, she's a good worker and all that, but she don't 'ave nothin' to say to me."

He clucked and shook the reins. He had to shake them three times before the new pony ambled off. I watched them go by slowly, dejectedly, across the receding arcs of lamplight and into the shadows at the bottom of the street. Recalling by contrast Jemima's jaunty gait, the way her plump round haunches bounced to the click of the bright little hooves, my heart swelled. I could scarcely grope my way indoors for tears.

It did not occur to me till I stood in the hall grasping an empty basket that my intended transactions had got overlooked in the stress of the calamitous news. Accordingly I rang the bell of the next-door flat, for my neighbour was a fellow customer of Tod's and I had seen her go in some ten minutes earlier with her purchases. She was ready enough to lend me what I needed, and we chatted for a while. I mentioned how shocked I had been to learn of the dreadful accident to Tod's pony.

"Accident? What accident?"

"Why, being run down by the drunken driver and having to be destroyed."

My neighbour grinned as she tipped sprouts and potatoes from her basket into mine.

"Was that what he told you?" she said. "What nonsense. I heard the real version from the milkman, who stables his pony in the same mews. Of course, it was very sad and we all miss Jemima badly. But there was no accident, I assure you. She died peacefully in her stall, of old age."

END

Flowers That Face The Cold

(*Continued from page 24*)

scent of sandal wood. Another great favourite of mine is the *Daphne Mezereum*, which according to the variety may bear purple or white flowers, in late January or early February. These are wax-like and sweetly scented, and they appear long before the leaves. Here's a shrub which likes sunshine for its head and shade for its roots.

How beautiful are the Christmas roses. The type *Helleborus niger* must have a place because it provides lots of flowers for the dining-table on Christmas morning. The blossoms are snowy white in colour and have beautiful golden stamens. There's a variety, small *Artifolus*, which is particularly attractive. The blossoms are rose-tinted and I have known them last four weeks in water.

If you happen to have a nice warm, dry position, close to a wall for instance, then why not have *Iris unguicularis* and the darker variety *Speciosa*. These appreciate a restricted root run, they hate being disturbed, and if you leave them alone they will produce lavender and purple flowers throughout the winter. *Iris historides* will flower in January or certainly early February. The blooms are purple with white and yellow markings. *Iris reticulata* is violet scented bearing purplish-blue flowers of the typical iris shape, though the variety Cantab is a more delicate pale blue, having orange markings.

The winter crocuses are fascinating because they produce their blooms in January. *Crocus Imperati* carries pale purple flowers on 1½ inch long stems. There are many colour varieties, including a pure white, a pale lilac, a lilac without stripes, and a double variety. *Crocus susianus* which is usually called a pot of gold, is a lovely deep orange, often feathered outside with deep brown. I have known it a self orange. It flowers in February and comes to us from the Crimea. *Crocus Sieberi* also flowers in February, the petals being a uniform bright lilac with a golden base. There's a variety, Versi-colour, with white to purple flowers, which usually have white and purple stripings.

I have often had *Primula wanda* in flower in January and February. Its reddish purple flowers are most attractive. *Cyclamen coum* usually flowers in the winter. I love its olive green leaves and the purple undersides, coupled with the bright crimson-pink flowers. The little winter aconite can sometimes be a nuisance in the way it spreads, but its buttercup flowers are welcome, and they are so dainty with their surrounding green frills in January. Lastly there is the little-known perennial, *Adonis amurensis*, whose bright yellow flowers sometimes open in January, but are certainly out in February.

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November Reading

(*Continued from page 40*)

steps plumb into a nest of snapping baby crocodiles, while the mother swipes at him with her tail, almost turning a back somersault to get at him with her jaws. There are thrilling encounters with lion, elephant and other wild fauna who, for my part, can stay where they are, gloriously unmolested. But it's nice, armchair-wise, to read about them in **"Killers In Africa"** (W. H. Allen, 18s.).

EVELYN M. RICHARDSON and her husband bought the small Nova Scotia island of Bon Portage and settled there as lighthouse keepers, living off their own produce, teaching three children by correspondence courses. I was absorbed by her account of their daily life and problems in **"We Bought An Island"** (Christopher Johnson, 16s.). It is so well written, with such feeling for scenic background, that one shares intimately the whole experience.

THE "DAILY MIRROR'S" evolution from gentlewomen's flop to tabloid triumph is no enigma but a simple matter of cause and effect which needs no extenuating or justifying. Sensationalize, plug the human story, strip-tease with cartoons, champion (shrilly) the underdog and servicemen in their grouses against authority, trim politics to the impending wind, sex up, hot up, serve up with slick technical skill, and increased circulation follows as the night the day. That's the way things are, and not only in popular journalism. The mass respond to the vital, noisy, aggressive, combative, preferring a bawl to a modulated whisper any day. The only snag is : the strain imposed on gifted pressmen who have to stunt at unremitting pressure, constantly crashing the Fleet Street sound-barrier in quest of "beats." Hugh Cudlipp tells the inside story in **"Publish And Be Damned!"** (Dakers, 12s. 6d.).

WILLIAM GODWIN, author of *Political Justice*, was not only a revolutionary in politics and sex-equality; he married the talented Mary Wollstonecraft and fathered the wife of Shelley. In **"William Godwin And His World"** (Odhams, 21s.) Rosalie Glynn Grylls admirably poses him and his circle against the ominous backcloth of the French Revolution and Pitt's Treason Trials.

MOST of us know the likeable, sensitive type of woman who gets the bad breaks in marriage and love, and wonders why. Marguerite Steen's **"Anna Fitzalan"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) bears two children in an unhappy marriage, and after her husband's death lives with an industrialist separated from his wife, taking his name by deed poll. When at last he is free to marry her . . . but I will not disclose the ending, merely quote Anna's words to her grand-daughter Lin : "Don't ever forget—that those who have sinned against honour suffer worse than those who are sinned against ; that they need all we can send them, of love and compassion." Her fortitude under a numbing blow will endear Anna, I imagine, to every woman reader. Miss Steen treats in her own distinctive way an old theme : *the woman pays.*

NONE of the women in H. E. Bates's three long stories—**"The Nature Of Love"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.)—knows Anna's spiritual surrender, for the love is essentially physical. The first, a crude country girl, tricks a drunken, miserly farmer, then falls tragically for a young gamekeeper. The second, on a summer visit, has a transitory affair with a landowner in a closed, shuttered manor house. The third, on a Malaya estate, takes a lover from pique because she knows her husband is intriguing with a Chinese girl. *The Nature Of Love* is also the love of nature, touched in with Mr. Bates's masterly skill.

D. E. STEVENSON'S **"Five Windows"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) represent five phases in David Kirke's life—in the Scottish border country, Edinburgh, a London boarding house, a Covent Garden attic flat, a country cottage near London. All who have come citywards to find career, romance, love, will see reflections of themselves in this story of a normal young man's reactions, told with humour and sentiment.

J. K. STANFORD takes us a few years on from now in **"Full Moon At Sweatenham"** (Faber, 15s.). Meat-eating has been abolished in favour of "Treat," a vitamin tabloid made of tripe and sugar-beet ; U.S. dollars have gone, too, and there's a £20,000,000 Research Station to find dollar substitutes ; underground mass-shelters have replaced Housing in view of the L. or laughing-bomb, exploded in the Urals in 1956 before half the Kremlin and the Dean of Canterbury, which gave all within twenty miles uncontrollable laughter and hiccups ; Gib., Malta and Abadan are controlled by U.N.C.L.E. (United Nations Controller of Lost Enterprises) ; Scotland and Wales have broken away from England, which is ruled by the Bookmakers' Government. Against all this bombinates George Proteron, of Five Mile Wallop, Cambs, first as squire, then as poltergeist.

THERE'S nothing frolicsome about Juliette de Baïracli Levy's **"The Bride Of Llew"** (Faber, 20s.). With almost medieval intensity it depicts the life of a scholar-painter, gipsy by adoption, his marriage to a woman made hyper-sensitive by an ugly facial birthmark, his wrongful execution for murdering her after she had fallen into a river, watching otters. There is much "wind over the heath, brother" idealization of gipsy life, much grim argument against capital punishment. Strong work, prodigiously serious.

SERIOUS, too, is a young officer's dilemma in Jean Morris's **"Man And Two Gods"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.). He has to shoot a diplomat spying on manoeuvres for a rival country. By one ethical standard he is a hero, by another a murderer. Like Orestes, he is the victim of conflicting gods, either way, hounded to his doom. An intelligent first novel posing a Greek legend as a modern drama of conscience.

HUSBAND'S cronies can be a problem to wives—as even Mrs. Boswell found when she had to cope with the redoubtable Dr. Johnson. Marie Muir's **"Dear Mrs. Boswell"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), fictionizes vividly the Boswell *ménage*—his drinking, debts, peccadilloes, obsession in Johnson's "Life," yet deep family love.

ANOTHER excellent eighteenth-century story—Winifred Duke's **"Lost Cause"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.)—concerns the adventures of a Scottish innkeeper's son implicated in Prince Charles's intrigues and the ill-fated gamble of the '45.

OTHER BOOKS recommended for reading include : **"The Dry Stone,"** by Gilbert Phelps (Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.). **"Jane And Prudence,"** by Barbara Pym (Jonathan Cape, 12s. 6d.). **"Salute Mr. Sandyman,"** by Neill Graham (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.). **"At The End Of The Road,"** by Claude Houghton (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"A Ring For Luck,"** by John Pudney (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). **"The Heart In Exile,"** by Rodney Garland (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.). **"Herbs In The Kitchen,"** by Ambrose Heath (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.). **"The Faber Book Of Twentieth Century Verse,"** edited by John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.). **"Indoor Bulb Growing,"** by Edward Pearson (Latimer House, 7s. 6d.). **"The Complete Book Of The Dahlia,"** by Roy Genders (Saturn Press, 12s. 6d.). **"Venturing To New Zealand,"** by Ray Dorien (Christopher Johnson, 10s. 6d.). **"George Cansdale's Zoo Book,"** by George Cansdale (Phoenix House, 8s. 6d.).

END

1.11.53

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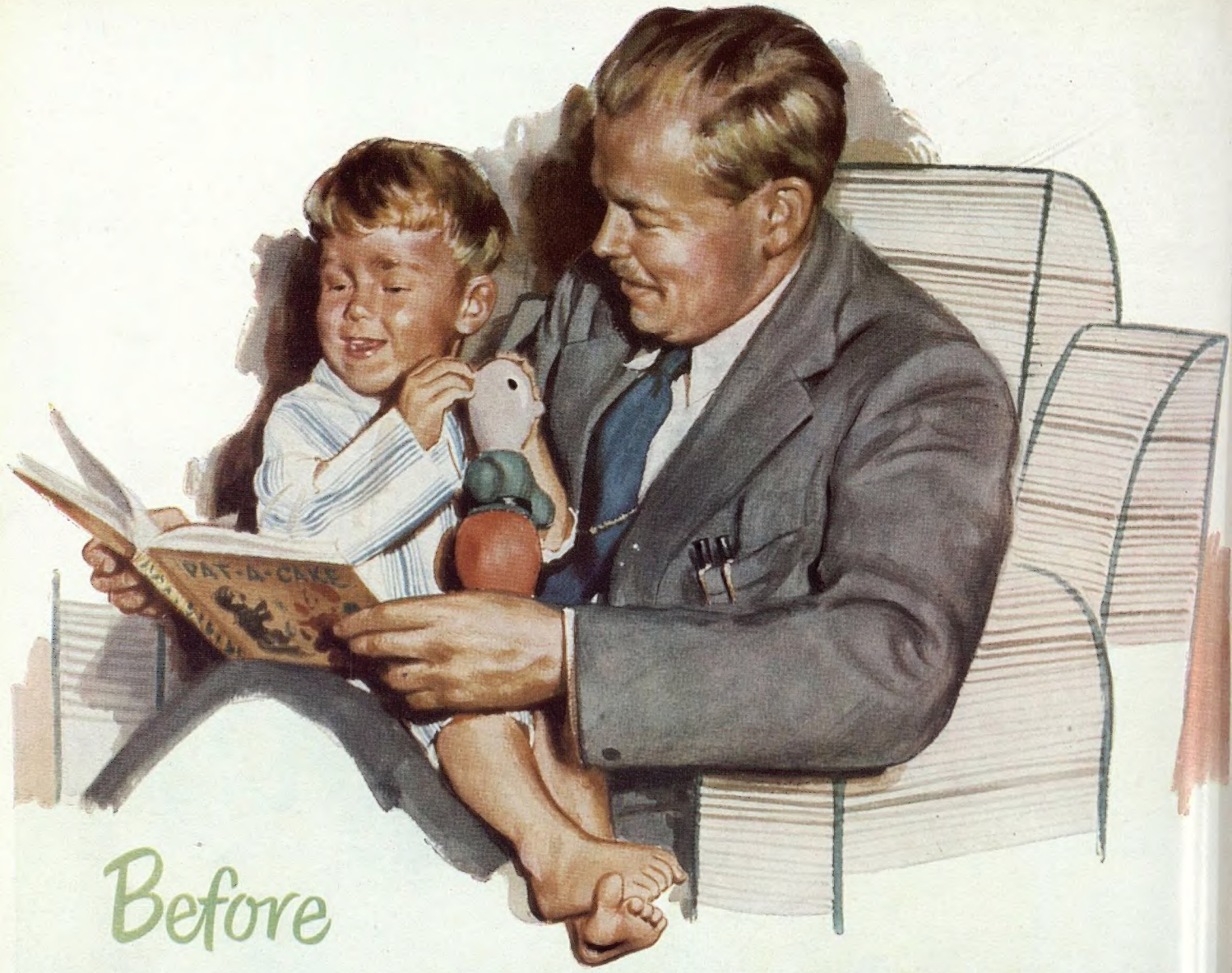

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